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## REVIEWS

*Reports of Lectures delivered at the Chapel in South Street, Finsbury.* By W. J. Fox. C. Fox.

It is with the children of a larger growth, living and moving in the world, as with their juniors congregated in schools and colleges,—both are subjected to a multiplicity of arrangements, continued for the purpose of determining their moral and social character; yet both are more deeply indebted in that particular to the instruction they receive from each other, through a mutual action and re-action, than to all that is set down and directed for their use by those who are placed in authority over them. The relative force of these two systems of education varies in different ages and among different nations; but in none, not even in China itself, has the former altogether overpowered the latter: but in England, at the present moment, mutual education is assuming an ascendancy, which threatens the overthrow of all the established systems of interference. Looking at the spirit of these conflicting elements, the former may be considered as the tuition of Words, the latter as the teaching of Things; and in this distinction lies the secret of their relative force. The tuition of things is a pure development of the law of nature, deriving its efficacy from nothing secondary or extrinsic, and affecting principally the instincts; whereas the tuition of words, having little necessary connexion with things, and being dependent on human will, acts in society with more or less efficacy, according as it is constructed with more or less skill, and directed with more or less wisdom. It is clear, then, that the tuition of things is a constant force, while that of words varies in intensity with circumstances: but it is an universal law, that the constant forces must, in the long run, prevail over the accidental. Hence, we are led to the further conclusion, that the education of words will be effective, in proportion as it meets with less resistance from that of things. But the action of externals upon human happiness changes, as they change themselves; the direction which they give to men's thoughts and actions is as variable as their energy is constant. To preserve, then, a maximum influence to verbal tuition, it must constantly adapt itself to the changes in externals: that instruction which to-day may be applicable to the wants and desires of society, to-morrow may be directly opposed to them; and the force of education will diminish with every such increase of opposition.

Unfortunately, the natural tendency of verbal tuition is much less towards adaptation, than to permanency. A system of education once formed, whether it be scholastic, religious, or political, seeks to perpetuate itself, not merely because of the labour and annoyance incidental to all change, but also of the personal interests with which it becomes amalgamated. The stronger therefore the disposition of things towards change, the more obstinately unbending is usually the direction given to verbal tuition; and, consequently, the stronger it thus strives to become, the more it loses of real power, till at last it must be crushed beneath opposing realities.

The greater part of the influences, scholastic and civil, to which mankind is at present subjected in this country, were devised under circumstances far different from those which at present prevail; and within the last half century, more especially, the change has been rapid and extensive, and the force of things, their predominance in the formation of individual character and intelligence, has increased, is increasing, and cannot be checked. We are thus led to the corollary, that the education of institutions must undergo a corresponding reformation, that it

may be brought into harmony with existing circumstances, under pain of losing all authority. Within our own memory, immense efforts have been made to supply from without the failing force of educational systems. From the throne in the cathedral to the infant school desk, everything is directed to this end; and the restraints of the penal code and the blandishments of fashion have been everywhere applied to master or suppress opinion: but the tighter this cord of authority has been stretched, the less it has embraced; till the opinions which are afloat on the surface of society have become totally different from those which lie fermenting, deeply and darkly, within its bosom. The consequences of such a state of society, whether for good or for evil, we shall not pause to examine: we at present have only to do with the fact.

The first notice which is usually given of the existence of an under-current of opinions, is received from isolated overt acts of the individuals holding by them; but no opinion can long subsist or spread widely without raising up its advocates and apostles, who originate a rival system of tuition, ostentatiously opposed to that already established. The lectures which form the subject of the present article, afford an instance strikingly apposite, being at once a consequence of the widening discrepancy between the wisdom of institutions and that of things, and an evidence of the extent to which that discrepancy has proceeded. We look upon them, therefore, with more interest in this respect, than for their intrinsic merit, though that is of no ordinary character; and we believe that the man will not act wisely who, regarding them from the height of his own dignities, as the discourses of an obscure sectarian, delivered to an obscure congregation, shall esteem them barren of consequence, and unworthy of examination. Whatever may be the narrow limit of their pulpit efficacy, through the press they are delivered to all mankind; and we very much mistake if the cheapness of publication, and the correspondence between the doctrines promulgated and the thoughts passing in the minds of a large and active portion of the people, do not confer on the work a popularity not always given to writings of higher pretensions. Whether, therefore, our readers be amongst those who approve of the doctrines these lectures advocate, or, believing them erroneous, are anxious to wrestle with them, we think we shall equally deserve well at their hands for thus bringing them under notice.

The first seven lectures form a continuous *suite*, and are dedicated to a consideration of the national morality, as it is manifested in some of the different classes into which English society is divided. Here, in the very outset, we are presented with a striking contrast of opinion, between the lecturer and the educational instructors of establishments, concerning the very fundamentals of morality. Mr. Fox's opinion, however, is not absolutely new; but has long been silently making its way in men's minds. In the popular proverbs of all countries, we have evidence of some belief in certain special instances of class morality. Such phrases as "honest attorney" (applied ironically), "cunning as a Jew," "word of a gentleman," "honour of a soldier," "frank-hearted sailor," and a hundred others, are all founded upon a conception that these several states and callings do impress a moral peculiarity on those who are engaged in them. The upper classes of society also presume largely on the moral advantages of their station in fitting them to become guides and examples to the people; while they consider poverty as, in itself, incapacitating its subject for the due discharge of the simplest of political functions. Almost within our own memory, too, a science

has been created and brought into active application, founded upon the constancy with which physical causes operate in determining human action, by forcing upon individuals a definite combination of virtues and vices. The entire scope of political economy is directed through a scientific modification of such causes, to make mankind happier, and thereby to give them better opportunities for virtue. We shall not indulge ourselves in pushing the consequences of this theory to extremes; nor plunge ourselves and our readers into the abyss of metaphysical disputation. The practical result is, that while teachers of the one class consider human conduct as a matter of duty, and put forward as the most important motives, such consequences as are extrinsic to the action, the economist refers to the intrinsic and necessary sanctions of conduct, and aims at the removal of such stumbling-blocks as society may cast in the way of individual order and good conduct. It is sufficient, however, here to notice the facts, that a new school of moral science is rising among the people, and that it has already found its way into the pulpit.

One consequence of the new mode of treating morals is the introduction of a wider range of subjects into pulpit animadversion.

"In this view," says Mr. Fox, "Morality may be properly said to include whatever advances us in the knowledge of the laws of material nature, of the mind, or of social man. It includes whatever principles the natural philosopher can arrive at by the classification of its accumulated facts; whatever truths the metaphysician may detect by his more recondite researches; whatever the statesman can attain of political science, from the teachings of history, or the results of his own experience and observation; the right application of whatever mechanical machinery may be employed by the manufacturer in the production of the necessities or the conveniences of life, or whatever mental machinery may be employed by the teacher in the fabrication of intelligence and of character. They all come under this one head—Morality; for they are all capable of supplying means that may be employed for the production, the multiplication, the perpetuation of human happiness."

In this respect the innovating theory leads to a practice running counter to an infinity of established opinions, which if they do not confine the preacher's duty to mere theological teaching, require, as we have hinted, that his morality should be governed merely by theological considerations. Politics, more especially, are universally denounced, as inappropriate to the occasions of pulpit instruction; and so, undoubtedly, they are, if by politics is meant the factious advocacy of passing men and passing measures—or, still worse, a crusade against other men's right to an independent opinion, and the pouring out of the vials of wrath against whatever is opposed to the preacher's prejudices. Such things, however, hold only the lowest place in a full definition of the term; if, indeed, they be allowed to form any part of politics in their stricter signification. Politics, properly understood, form an intrinsic branch of morals; nothing being politic that is not moral. The essential quality of all true policy is its morality; legislative and administrative science itself being to ordinary morality merely a means to an end. Still more nearly connected with the moral improvement of society are the other subjects enumerated in the preceding quotation; and their omission, in the common estimates which men form of their own individual actions, has, as the author justly observes, a manifest tendency to lead them astray, and to strengthen the prejudice which separates the interests of the individual, from those of the society in which he lives. It is not, indeed, to be denied that the opening of so wide a field of inquiry to the

clergy in their professional discourses, adds very considerably to the difficulty of pulpit oratory. In handling his subject more like a man, the teacher risks bringing to it more of the passions of a man; and it requires at his hands not only a wider range of acquired knowledge, but a greater degree of self-command, and a more delicate tact in the selection and exposition of topics. How far these considerations should operate in restricting the professional duties, we will not take upon ourselves to declare. It is unquestionable that the innovation is liable to much abuse; but we cannot shut our eyes to the truth, that the demand for more popular morals is a growing demand, and that, with such examples as those before us, it must, at no short distance of time, drive the clergy out of the cold and formal conventionalities, with which their predecessors and their congregations have been hitherto satisfied.

The first of the Lectures before us is dedicated to the 'Morality of the Poor,' i. e. to the causes peculiar to their station, operating either for good or for evil on their character and conduct. That the influence of want, in hardening the heart and depraving the conduct, has an overwhelming part in the greater number of those cases which are brought before the criminal tribunals, has become almost a commonplace—more especially that portion of the evil which may be traced to the ignorance of the labourer. There is, however, one view of this subject less frequently taken by professed moralists, though now pressing itself particularly on general attention, which the author has felicitously exposed:

"Another unfavourable circumstance is, that the poor are eminently subjected to the influence of other classes. There exists amongst themselves a class of demoralized paupers, living in comparative idleness, and often living and thriving better than the most hardy industry. There exists amongst them a class of dishonest persons; for thieving appears in our day to be rather a profession, than a violation of the law, to which honest but poor men are tempted by the pressure of necessity. They have continually before their eyes these classes of people, doing better than themselves, having more abundant fire, and of a better quality: what wonder if, with minds unformed by instruction, they sometimes approximate towards the one or the other, and overpass the boundaries of a strict integrity. They are subjected to the influence of politicians. If war is to be waged, their passions are to be stimulated; their ignorance is to be misled; their poverty is to be bribed; their bodies and their consciences are to be bought; and they are to be made the living machinery of shedding those torrents of blood, which ambition, or any other evil disposition, may will should flow to drench and desolate the earth. If political bigotry wants a victim, they are to be excited to acts of riot, and then turned loose, often to destroy the property and to endanger the lives of the very best of men, and of their noblest benefactors. And so, on the other hand, there are acting on them the influences of those, who, on their heads, would rise to personal emolument and advantage: the political demagogue who tells them of all sorts of golden prospects, and by the most absurd means ventures to assure to them the realization of blessings, which may be far beyond their reach by any means, but which assuredly can never be achieved by any panacea in his possession. All bear on the poor, all are continually operating on their ignorance, and perverting their minds. The bigot addresses himself to them, in order to strengthen his bigotry; to give the spirit of sectarianism more power; to roll its thunders with a louder crash against those whom he denominates heretics; and to dart his lightnings with a clearer and more fatal aim. Even the philanthropist very often makes their condition worse, and aggravates their sufferings by a misdirected charity, which increases the evil it endeavours to alleviate; and thus, what is meant for their good, is continually perverted for their evil."

Some of these considerations have been latterly

much forced upon the attention of newspaper politicians; it would be well if they blossomed and fructified among all classes of teachers.

But if the moral evils of poverty be the more popular side of the question, the quantity of virtue which appears in the ordinary life of the poor, is not the less worthy of consideration. When it is recollected that the poor constitute the mass of mankind, and that society is not for ever returning to its primitive anarchy, but holds on improving, we must feel convinced that the virtues of the poor greatly exceed all that is laid to their charge as vice. Those who live above the pressure of absolute penury cannot even conceive the amount of self-denial necessary to keep those honest who are suffering from pinching want. All such persons (as the author justly observes, quoting from the 'Village Sermons' of Robert Robinson,) "are moral people." Still more so are their wives and mothers; their condition is far worse than that of the men: "yet it is not more remarkable than true, that, with few exceptions, they never give up in despair—so long as the man holds on, the woman holds to him and the children, until she is destroyed. Even in death, she never wholly succumbs; but in the anguish of her heart, amidst all manner of doubts and terrible forebodings, the hope that something good may happen to the children is scarcely ever wholly extinguished."

Among the causes which have acted favourably on the condition of the poor of our times, the author is inclined to reckon the rise of Methodism:—

"Whatever flaws a severe critic may find in the supposed aims, or real proceedings of John Wesley, there can be no doubt that he deserves to be classed amongst the benefactors, amongst the most illustrious benefactors of the people of this nation. Up to that time the poor seemed utterly below regard, except as they were made the means of answering some purpose or other for their betters; and while scarcely more than a mere animal existence was considered as their best condition, religious or intellectual instruction was never supposed to require a direction towards them, perhaps not thought capable of descending so low in the scale of society. They were in a state of the most deplorable ignorance that can be imagined, and with that, too generally, in a state of corresponding brutality. It was then that the religious principle impelled so many men to appeal to them in a language which they understood.—Whatever were the mysteries of the creed of John Wesley, or whatever irrational principles may have been inculcated by the sect which he established, their first great and good onset upon the poor was distinguished by this character, that it was a speaking from their own hearts, and to the hearts whom they addressed. It was an appeal that made tears, blessed tears, roll down many a hardened cheek. It was an appeal that made many a reprobate falter in his course, and taught his tongue a holier language. It was an appeal which showed men that they had friends, and friends of mental and of moral power, who were placing a lever that would raise them in the scale of being, and give them something like spiritual perception and spiritual existence, enjoyment, and anticipation. And this good I believe that John Wesley and his followers did accomplish for the poor of this country. I cannot extend the praise to the present condition of that community."

In the second Lecture, the author treats of 'Aristocratical and Political Morality,' premising some remarks on the aristocracy of nature, and concerning the mischief which would have befallen society had the Creator rendered its privileges hereditary.

"My object," he says in this discussion, "is not to show whether a free people should or should not create a privileged class—an aristocracy; my object is not to enter into the question—the political question—of such an institution, the principles on which it is founded, or the changes to which it should be subjected; but, as I have explained before, to trace the deflections from the standard of morality which

arise from the circumstances of the different classes of which society is now constituted: an inquiry which no one can effectively or completely teach morality to others without instituting for himself, and communicating the results to their minds."

This distinction is not, it appears to us, quite consistent with the writer's views concerning the identity of politics and morals. It is to little purpose that he formally waives the political side of the discussion; the moral bearings of any institution must resolve themselves into arguments for or against its fitness for promoting the happiness of the nation where it exists. This consideration will excuse our further development of the second Lecture, which is, in fact, "all in a foam with politics."

The third Lecture, on the 'Morality of the Mercantile and Middle Classes,' presents matter for graver consideration, in proportion to the numbers affected by the argument. The following extract will give a very fair specimen of the manner in which the work is generally conceived and executed, as well as illustrate the specific subject:—

"In the middle classes we note an almost universal unfixeness of position. Every man is rising or falling, or hoping that he shall rise, or fearing that he shall sink. \* \* Throughout the whole extent of the middle classes, from the smallest master or shop-keeper who employs others, or even who only rests upon his own powers of labour for realizing the profit of his capital, to the most princely merchant, there is a ceaseless struggle, there is a dependence upon income which is precarious from year to year, and there is a continual anxiety to increase the amount of that income, or to prevent its sinking to a smaller amount. Now from this fact flows much which is morally admirable, and much which is deeply to be deprecated. Hence arises that acuteness of perception, shrewdness, and prompt and piercing insight into the different bearing of events upon men's concerns and interests,—that activity of mind that seems to pounce upon its prey at once, and seizes with avidity what intellect not disciplined in such a school would be long and slow in appreciating. There is joined with these a good deal of decision and strong determination. Here the active faculties come into play with a vividness and force of which those unaccustomed to the bustling transactions, succeeding each other with rapidity, of a great trading and commercial country can have no conception; which even the quiet inhabitants of remoter towns seem unable to comprehend, which baffles and bewilders them. There must be added an indomitable perseverance, which will go on from month to month and from year to year in the pursuit of its object, often toiling to accomplish that which, if realized at all, can only be realized towards the close of a life drawn out to the full verge of human existence. These I call moral qualities; they are qualities conducive to enjoyment; they are qualities the opposites of which are the surest pledge of suffering. For with whatever tendencies of the most beautiful description a constitution may be graced,—whatever mental energy on points of abstruse research may distinguish the faculties of the understanding,—whatever advantages there may be in outward circumstances, and in all that belongs to a man's friends, connexions, and prospects; still if he be devoid of such qualities as I have enumerated,—if he be indolent, wavering, undetermined, on points of vital importance perhaps, and incapable of putting forth continuous energy whether of mind or of body, whether in the study or in the concerns of life,—we may safely predict that such a character will not build for himself a permanent pile of happiness. \* \* But whilst these qualities are the source of good, they are also the source of a large amount of mischief. In the ceaseless occupation which they produce, mind, except as to the particular objects and interests of the individual, withers. There is no opportunity, there is no time, there is no desire, for a general cultivation of the faculties. Many of the powers of the human soul, many of its most grand, and pure, and noble faculties, become altogether inert. \* \* This ceaseless occupation, this constant struggle, also realizes other evils of a social description, as the last-mentioned is a personal one. The struggle of

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competition,—the hardness,—the selfishness,—the isolation of a person's own interests, or those of his family, which may be considered as identical with his own, from those of his fellow-creatures,—the constant clashing,—the endeavour not merely to realize the greatest amount of useful production, not merely to minister to the public good in fair and equal harmony with a man's own realization of good, but the strife to be foremost, to outrun others, even though all be damaged. Then, this state of things tends to an exaggerated estimate of what is external, of mere apparent good, the worth of which is in other people's eyes, and not in one's own mind. \* \* This it is which makes them subservient to other classes;—this it is which occasions the looking up, not to mental or moral qualities, but to station merely;—this it is which in almost every kind of exertion which they make, not only in their mode of living, not only in their business efforts, but even in their very charities,—still preserves that which we may call the aristocratic spirit, which is developed perhaps with more strength in the middle classes than in the class which is properly so designated. It is requisite for the best charity that it be graced by illustrious names,—names which have been often prepared simply as decoy ducks, with no expectation on the part of the managers that the sums standing against them should ever be realized for its purposes, but which are put down that others may be put down from servile imitation. This spreads a falseness over society which leads to the judging of results by appearances, or rather to the total disregard of realities in appearances; and what can be more fatal? It changes those who should be simple and honest in all their acts, who should be the sturdy and conscientious guardians of truth and goodness in all their diversities, into a set of earnest, striving, selfish competitors, each seeking to distance the other, and desperately running the race for a prize that is not worth the attainment."

We had marked, in this Lecture, a few more passages relative to the education and religion of the middle classes, well worthy of public attention: some of them, however, are without that novelty which might be looked for in an extract, and space presses. We cannot, however, withhold the following:—

"The morality of the middle classes is eminently THE MORALITY OF OPINION. REPUTATION has its peculiar dominion amongst them, and this, like the rest, is a power both for good and for evil. There is more appreciation of character, there is a higher estimate of the worth of other people's opinion of our character here, than is to be found amongst those who are above or those who are below. Men may be said to live by their characters in the middle classes of society; some sort of reputation is essential to their reaping the profits of their capital, and to success in their occupations. The bonds of mutual dependence bring the force of opinion home to them, and they are by no means slothful to cultivate it, or to prize it at its full, or more than its fullest worth. There is thus much good done; there is an avoidance at least of all the grosser vices, there is the practice at least of the most obvious elementary virtues. But with this good, how many drawbacks. The idolizing of reputation produces much of external piety, but little or nothing of internal purity; nay, it often acts in a different way, and seems to accumulate the grossness of thought and feeling by the very restrictions which it imposes on the exterior manifestation. Much is thus realized of habit, of mere external habit and appearance, but comparatively little of principle, of that enlightened principle which is the only sure basis of morality, which is the only spring and source of goodness. There is little fineness of feeling, delicacy of the moral sense, if we may so call it, cultivated by this class; its morality is blended with a good deal of intolerance, and with many of those petty hypocrisies which the spirit of sectarianism has not failed to realize in the religious world. The great question is, what will others think, not what is in itself truly good or beautiful, or in itself despicable, debasing or pestilential. This is a state most unfavourable to worth of character; there can be none of the higher virtues, there can be none of the finer qualities, in the character which is imbued with such purposes and formed under

such influence. There must be a rising above these considerations to achieve anything which shall command the homage of our hearts, and which shall beam on our minds like a reflection from the moral image of God. 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' is often a far more potent question than 'What is the voice of God speaking in man's own soul and conscience?'

Passing over the lecture on 'Military Morality,' we arrive, in Lecture V., at the consideration of 'Legal Morality,' which contains a sort of summary of the known imperfections of the English law, and indicates their influence on the morality of the people at large, and on that of the profession in particular. This is a subject that admits of too little originality, to detain us in our route.

The Lecture on 'The Morality of the Press' embraces the moral peculiarities of the present state of literature, and the moral condition of those engaged in the business of writing for the public. Much may be said for or against this agent,—the second staff of life, according to some; and the source of every political abomination, according to others. The press, however, is, after all, the mere mirror of society, and its moralities and immoralities but a reflection of those which distinguish the nation at large; or rather of each particular class of the people, who may find, in a portion of the press, its specific organ and representative.

"If, for instance, there be in poverty any tendency to produce bitterness of spirit, by the strong contrast of that condition with the advantages of others in the higher classes of society; any desire either to displace them, or to create confusion, in the hope of a better arrangement arising; or if there be anything whatever in poverty that tends to blunt or obliterate the moral sense, and the poor have an opportunity of speaking to the world by means of the press, then these feelings of theirs, these results of the influence of their condition, become a portion of the morality of the press. And so if the circumstances of the higher classes lead them to frivolity, to insolence, to licentiousness, to a subjecting of the principles of morality to the rules of a fantastic honour,—if they are in any way led by their peculiar interests to arrogate and to pervert political power; these tendencies appear in publications emanating from them, and form another portion of the morality of the press. \* \* And so if religion be imperfectly understood; dimly seen as to its great moral principles, and the sympathies which it inculcates, and which it would make the fountain of all beneficence and enjoyment to mortals,—if religion become technical, conventional, superstitious, and its morality a sort of arbitrary injunction; then in the writings of divines holding such low and perverted notions, there will be another portion of the morality of the press, unhappily another instance of its deviation from the right and genuine standard. And not only will the moral peculiarities of all classes be thus exhibited, but there will also be those more complex results which arise from their endeavouring to act one upon another. The religionist often writes, not merely for his own class, but to influence other classes, the poor, for instance: and he produces those tame, trite, mindless, dogmatical, and often servile publications, which are disseminated abroad in the world under the name of religious tracts. Perhaps while professedly addressing himself to the poor, he is looking to the rich, and to their estimate of him as a teacher of the poor. So the politician very often writes in order to act for his own personal or party purposes, on the religious part of the community, or upon the trading classes; in the one case endeavouring to produce apprehension of the progress of superstition, or of dominion over conscience, or of infidelity and confusion arising from what he calls the undue extension of the right of private judgment; or if his attention be directed to the mercantile and trading classes, he yet further departs, even in his own view, from the honest display of his own morality, imperfect as it may be, in order to blend it with the imperfections of their morality who are under different influences, and guide them by the apprehension of commercial loss, or the desire of commercial gain, to the adoption of principles which he himself advocates on a different ground, and is following with different

aims. The aggregate of morality as exhibited in the whole extent of publication is, in fact, national morality; and we may trace in it all the great departures with which the community at large is chargeable, from that true morality which yet, no doubt, has a strong hold upon the heart of the country. We may trace in the aberrations of national morality as thus exhibited, that want of principle, of clear and distinct principle, which I have so frequently had occasion to complain of. There are no great broad principles of humanity laid down generally, or referred to, or implied, in our world of literature, as the foundation on which morality is to rest. We find merely an assumption, an independent and individual assumption, of this or that practice as a duty, or of this or that practice as a vice, and there the matter is left."

After treating, at some length, on the temptations to immorality peculiar to writers, and on the various ways in which they lower the standard of public virtue, by truckling to the corrupt interests of those to whom they especially address themselves, Mr. Fox makes a powerful appeal on behalf of the profession, which, he thinks, does not hold the place it ought in society. In one sense, we agree that this is true: but a far more important consideration is, whether or not the profession does not hold the place in society which it necessarily must;—whether the wide diffusion of the present demand for literature does not inevitably tend to a reduced value of the article produced, and, consequently, to a lower conception of the literary character. This, we are inclined to believe, is about the truth. Literature, after mendicancy, is the trade which, of all others, requires the smallest capital to set up with. The moment, therefore, that a demand for inferior books is felt, there is a rush of inferior spirits to supply the market; and there is more money to be made, by a bookseller, through a judicious publication of inferior and popular matter, than by printing the highest and the finest effusions of superior genius. The present purchasers of literature, though numerically increased, are, collectively, of an inferior class—both intellectually and morally—to the select few who formerly frequented the bookseller's shop: and, until a time shall arrive, when a better system of national education shall elevate and purify the masses, we have no hope of seeing the literary profession either more respected, or more respectable, than it is at present.

The lecture on 'Clerical Morality,' which is the last of a series of seven, we shall also pass over; being, for the most part, a Dissenter's view of the morality of the Establishment, with which we do not care to meddle.

Lecture VIII., 'On the History of Clerical Dues, and on Opposition to the Church Rate,' is temporary in its interest, and does not properly belong to the series. Lectures IX., X., and XI. treat of Death, and the mental state induced by its approach,—a subject pregnant with weighty considerations, of a higher philosophical and religious caste than the preceding themes: they afford an instance of the peculiar manner in which the author blends, in his writings, the philosophical and clerical characters.

Number XII., on 'Right and Expediency,' is a special pleading in favour of the "stern path of duty" class of politicians, usually called "impracticables," as opposed to the more compliant order of spirits, which, hopeless of taking public opinion by storm, gives and takes, as occasion offers, accepts instalments, bends that it may not break, and makes the concession of today, a lever for the mechanism of to-morrow. This, in its abstraction, is a purely verbal dispute; the entire reality lying in the circumstance of each specific instance. For if right, well considered, is always expedient, so nothing is expedient that is not right. But a principle in itself may be right, and utterly to abandon it

may be wrong; but to urge the principle out of season, so as to ensure its miscarriage, is not the less folly, and a folly which may be most mischievous. By way of illustration, the author compares the fortunes of the Scotch Church, as representing the sticklers for principle, with the Anglican, as an example of expediency and compromise. The moral is, however, susceptible of another phasis, and might be made the triumph of intolerance over (comparative) toleration. Whatever truth there may be in Mr. Fox's view, we believe that the more potent cause of the imputed difference in the fortunes of the two establishments, lies in the contrast of a poor with a rich church. But to return to Mr. Fox's first proposition,—the lines which separate firmness from obstinacy, respect for right from intolerance of opposition, or a practical facility of temper from a corrupt indifference, are too fine for definition; they cannot be laid down in general propositions, and will usually be determined only by the results.

Number XIII. gives 'Three Ideas of Christianity': that of the Catholics is stated to be "salvation by the agency of a priesthood;" that of the Protestants "salvation by faith" in a prescribed creed; and that of certain individuals, opposed to both, "a divine plan for the spiritual training of the human race, by the exhibition of fact, for the contemplation of individual reason."

Numbers XIV., XV., XVI., on the Progress and Characteristics of Ceremony, are, for the most part, a reading on the Coronation Church Service, undertaken with a view to improve a passing occasion, by considering some of the effects of established formulæ of prayer upon the character of devotion.

Number XVII. treats of what constitutes 'a Saint.' Although much of the lecture will be offensive to the particular classes aimed at, yet, as a whole, it is a curious review of the different forms of super-sanctity which the world has witnessed—under the Mosaic dispensation—in Pagan antiquity, (as described by Theophrastus)—among the Hindoos—the Mussulmans—in the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages—in our own times and country—and, lastly, what real sanctity is, according to the New Testament. We cannot be expected to follow the preacher through this course of tableaux,—but the following quotation is so general in its application, as to allow us to appropriate it for the benefit of all parties:

"I do, however, very much demur, under any ordinary circumstances, to that sort of separation and classification of the world which is implied in the use of the term *Saint*. I do not see that disparity in human characters, which should allow us to marshal all our fellow-creatures into two great divisions, and to say, these are saints, and those are sinners. The broad gulf of demarcation is not obvious to the inspection of human intelligence: and, however often the word *Saint* may be used in the New Testament, I am certain that the spirit of the New Testament, the spirit of the teaching of Christ, tends to make us seek for union with our brethren of the human race in all their diversities, rather than for separation, for classification, for distinction. We should dwell with most complicity upon that which brings home to us the fact, 'that we have, all of us, one human heart.' If so great a distinction do now really exist, it is quite as well that it should be a latent and unrecognized distinction; and if any one be a saint, in the most honourable sense of the word, let it rather appear in the moral beauty, the loveliness, the grandeur of the results which flow from his character and life,—from his exalted example, or from his quiet influence over the opinions and feelings of mankind, than by any assumption of a separation, any up-raising of thanksgiving in the hearing of his fellow-creatures, or between heaven and his own heart, 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men.'"

Number XVIII. discusses the question, 'What is Moral Power?'—combating a popular reply,

that moral force is but physical force in perspective. This, though less polemical than the preceding discourses, seems, to us, also less carefully considered. To say that there are other motives of influence, than those which address themselves to the sensual and selfish part of our nature, is to repeat a commonplace; and we are certain that they who have adopted the maxim which Mr. Fox opposes, with a view to its political application, never meant to deny this truth. We should say, that, inasmuch as man has an immortal soul, and is to be governed by a conscience, every force that moves him must be regarded as a moral force; while, inasmuch as his intelligence and desires act through material agency, every such force is a physical force. If the external occasions of action, on the contrary, be made the criterion of the distinction, we do not see to what practical advantage it can be turned, or why it should be made at all.

"I take this discussion to be useful (says the author), because the terms 'Moral Power' have of late been much employed, and they are calculated to excite associations of approval which may not always belong to them; for Moral Power, like physical power, or political power, is capable of abuse. It may be the agency of well-being and improvement: it may also be the agency of deterioration, injustice, and suffering. It is a power which involves responsibility; whose exercise must be watched; which we should analyze, in order to become aware of the form or direction in which it is most questionable, and also see under what conditions its very existence yields the presumption both of its noble nature and of its wide and enduring utility. For instance: in the combined efforts which are making by large classes in this country, the working classes especially, for the attainment of what they deem their political rights, it is often said, they work with a Moral Power; and the very expression is supposed to convey an approval of the means which they employ, and of the end at which they are aiming. It does no such thing. I do not mean, when I say so, to cast any shade of censure either on the ends which they contemplate, or on the means which they use. If it were needful to give any opinion whatever here, I should certainly give that which I entertain; that is, a favourable opinion: an opinion founded in a reliance on humanity, a conviction that to make every one feel the conscious dignity of citizenship, is the way to develop more rapidly whatever mental and moral qualities he may possess, the qualities by which individual existence is rendered more happy and dignified, and social union rendered more efficacious for its legitimate and best purposes. But still the aiming at such ends by Moral Power, is not in itself any presumption that such will be the result."

It is clear, then, even according to the author's own showing, that the epithets Moral and Physical have nothing to do with the matter. For our own parts, we are less afraid of the ill-considered reverence for moral power pointed at by Mr. Fox, than of an undue dislike of physical force, because it is physical. The habitual appeal to the masses is productive of such obvious evils, that, to use a familiar phrase, any block-head can perceive them: existing prejudices, therefore, are already too strongly opposed to the employment of this power under any and every possible contingency, however legitimate or necessary. We are confident that the sum of evil accumulated upon ten years of the French revolution, for instance, is as nothing when compared to that spread over the preceding century (to go no further), by an exercise of what is called moral force. Yet this wide-spread continuity of human suffering, is overlooked, by society, in pouring forth its accustomed diatribes against the actors in the dreadful but inevitable appeal to physical force that terminated the monarchy.

Number XIX., 'On the recent attempts to stimulate a spirit of Fanaticism and Persecution in the Church of England,' concludes the entire series, as far as it is in our possession. Though written in too sectarian a spirit to meet with uni-

versal approval, there are passages in this lecture which merit a long and serious reflection. We believe that attempts, such as the author denounces, are making,—but we do not think the Church of England, as a body, are the sole actors in it. The idea of fanatizing the people, is of an old date; and we have always considered it as much an aristocratical, as a clerical effort,—though, latterly, motives have arisen which may act unconsciously even on the most liberal churchmen, to mislead them into this species of Machiavelism. If it be true that Catholicism is on the increase in England, beyond what is implied in the increase of Irish immigration, we should attribute it very much to this mistaken policy. We hear a great deal said, indeed, concerning the increasing activity of the Catholic clergy, and of their proselyting zeal; but we shall not on that account fear for the cause of Protestantism, so long as justice is done to the natural faculties of the people, and they are left to their own good sense. But if the religious feelings of the populace are to be maintained at fever heat, for the purpose of propping up political abuses, we can look to no other result than a corresponding growth of Catholicism: for, to a heated imagination, Catholicism is not only the most congenial, but the most apparently safe refuge for a timid man to die in.

If the prevalence of sectarian feelings were of paramount weight against a work, we should not have noticed these lectures even in a short paragraph; for there is much in them that, we think, is vitiated by the sectarian taint, and much that, without being vitiated, is by it rendered unpalatable. But be the sentiments true or false, palatable or unpalatable, there they are, an established fact in the history of opinions—and, as we believe, a fact of rapidly growing import: nor do we think that an observer can form just estimate of the English mind, who will not take cognizance of this, and of other similar phases of its many-sided condition.

*Domestic Scenes in Russia: in a Series of Letters describing a Year's Residence in that Country, chiefly in the Interior.* By the Rev. R. Lister Venables, M.A. Murray.

WHEN, in September last, we offered our best judgment on Lord Londonderry's "Court Guide" to "all the Russias," we expressed a wish that some among the legion of travellers would leave the beaten roads and the populous cities of that vast and strange empire, and tell us how they order matters in the country. Thanks to the pleasant journals of Mr. Stephens, some fresh pictures have since been added to our stock of information; and the present volume by Mr. Venables, though far less lively than the American's, contributes, in a trifling degree, to satisfy the want then expressed. His experiences of Russia are largely provincial. It appears that he is connected, by marriage, with a native family; and a visit to the country residence of his lady's relations, forms by far the more interesting chapters of the work.

After this expression of opinion, the reader will be prepared for the omission, on our parts, of all descriptions of the well-known sights of the capitals. We shall even pass over some strange stories, in which Mr. Venables puts entire faith—stories not uninteresting, if true, as indicative of the true texture of that society, so richly furred and ermined over by the cumbrous splendours of a tawdry court and a military aristocracy. One specimen may be given—"a mystery" eminently adapted for the *Annals*:—"About Christmas, masquerades are much in vogue in Russia, and even when an ordinary ball is given at this season, it is not unusual to place candles in the windows of the house as a signal that masks are admitted without invitation. At the period to which

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this story refers, namely, the Christmas of 1834, a ball was given at a house at Petersburg, which was mentioned, but I have forgotten the name of the owner, and the ordinary signal was displayed for the admission of masks, several of whom arrived in the course of the evening, stayed a short time as usual, and departed. At length a party entered, dressed as Chinese, and bearing on a palanquin a person whom they called their chief, saying that it was his fête-day. They set him down very respectfully in the middle of the room, and commenced dancing what they said was their national dance around him. When this was concluded, they separated, and mingled with the general company, speaking French very well, and making themselves extremely agreeable. After a while they began gradually to disappear unnoticed, slipping out of the room one or two at a time, till at last they were all gone, leaving their chief still sitting motionless in dignified silence in his palanquin in the middle of the room. The ball began to thin, and the attention of those who remained was wholly drawn to the grave figure of the Chinese mask. The master of the house at length went up to him, and told him that his companions were all gone, politely begging him to take off his mask, that he and his guests might know to whom they were indebted for all the pleasure which the exhibition had afforded them. The Chinese, however, gave no reply by word or sign, and a feeling of uneasy curiosity gradually drew around him the guests who remained in the ball-room. The silent figure still took no notice of all that was passing around him, and the master of the house at length with his own hand took off the mask, and discovered to the horrified by-standers the face of a corpse. The police were immediately sent for, and, on a surgical examination of the body, it appeared to be that of a man who had been strangled a few hours before. Nothing, however, could be discovered either at the time or afterwards which could lead to the identity of the murdered man, or the discovery of the actors in this extraordinary scene: it was found on inquiry that they arrived at the house where they deposited the dead body in a handsome equipage, with masked servants."

We now start at once for Krasnoe:—

"Nothing can be more dreary or monotonous than the greatest part of the road from Petersburg to Torjok: after the first ten or twelve versts we entered a tract of forest, which stretched, with few intervals for more than a hundred miles. The whole distance indeed exhibits little but a succession of bleak open country, and thick forest: the road runs generally in a straight line, and one proceeds for miles together along a dead flat, without seeing a human habitation; on each side, a boggy space of fifty or a hundred yards wide is kept clear of trees, and beyond that lies an impenetrable mass of birch and fir wood growing up so thickly that the production of fine timber is impossible; indeed I hardly saw a tree which appeared more than twenty or thirty years old: here and there, where the trees had been cut down, was a neglected space full of grey stumps, and long drawn-up saplings, bending or broken for want of their former support, and many of them black and charred by fire; and the general desolation of the scene was enhanced by heavy rain, which fell almost incessantly. \* \* \* The only part of the country through which we passed where the view is at all attractive, is in the immediate neighbourhood of Valdai, a small town about two hundred versts from Torjok, on the edge of a handsome lake, in which is an island containing a monastery, and around which is some pretty broken ground covered with wood."

The mansion house at Krasnoe, where Mr. Venables made his first sojourn, seems to have been reasonably comfortable—an exception to his own general description given in a subsequent page (133), where he says that the "utmost attempted, is the beauty of the villa, and not of the chateau." Besides this, there are four villages of the peasants (*serfs*), with a hospital, and (of course) a bath for their use. No lack, it would seem, of country neighbours, who make their appearance uninvited at each other's houses, with "a following" in the old Highland style:

"On one occasion, says Mr. Venables, when three parties chanced to arrive here to dine and spend a day or two unannounced beforehand, though the

guests themselves amounted only to five or six, they brought with them ten servants, and sixteen carriage-horses. A single man seldom moves with less than two servants and four horses, and the Russian country-house has no neighbouring inn to which the latter may be inhospitably consigned. \* \* \* Among our other guests were a lady and gentleman with a name very difficult to pronounce, and which I will therefore translate into literal English, and call them Mr. and Mrs. Longfield. \* \* \* On taking leave, they pressed us much to pay them a visit, which we accordingly did the following week, sending a messenger a day beforehand to announce our intention. As the distance was long, we set off about eleven o'clock, and traversed an open country, for the most part over unmade roads, like the tracks across an English common. In about two hours we descended a very steep hill, at the foot of which flowed the Volga: which is here ninety miles from the source, and already a fine stream about two hundred yards wide, with a rapid current deep and clear; it runs in a narrow valley, which it appears to have worn for itself through the surrounding plain. We crossed the celebrated river on a floating bridge, and after ascending the steep hill on its further bank, and gaining the level country, we soon found ourselves at the place of our destination, which stands on a fine elevated spot over the Volga. The windows were, however, turned away from the river, and presented no view but that of a formal old-fashioned garden, filled with lime trees closely trimmed and planted, in straight lines on each side of the walks. After going round the garden we returned to the house, where we found a dejeuner set out in the drawing-room, consisting of caviare, cheese, &c., and, of course, liqueurs. This was tasted and dinner immediately announced, it being now three o'clock. In the middle of dinner, some English bottled porter was handed round, and considerable amusement was excited by my declining the offered improvements of lemon and pounded sugar, which the Russians often drink with porter, and which our kind host had supposed indispensable to an Englishman. After dinner we took a short walk, and on our return found a dessert of fruit laid out in a pretty balcony filled with flowers, upon which the drawing-room windows opened. This was followed by music and singing, till, at half-past six, tea made its appearance, accompanied by ices; and immediately afterwards we took our departure, and got back to Krasnoe to supper at ten o'clock, having paid a visit of five hours, to accomplish which we had travelled nearly fifty miles with the same horses over indifferent roads. A week ago we were invited to a village fête, about fourteen miles hence, which was given by a relation of M.—'s in honour of his lady's *jour de nom*, that is, the day of the saint after whom she is called. A Russian never has more than one christian name, which must always be that of a saint; but according to the Greek calendar, there are three hundred and sixty-five saints' days in the year, and few saints have an exclusive day to themselves, so that there is no lack of choice. We reached Troitska about one o'clock, and found in front of the house a long row of tables, at which all the peasants, with their wives and children, had just finished dining; they had been well provided with beer, followed by a glass or two of spirits to each! and they were now assembled round the door of the house, shouting and singing with all their might. On the steps of the house were large baskets full of gingerbread, which the entertainer and his guests were throwing in every direction among the crowd, and the peasants, men and women, boys and girls, were scrambling for it with the utmost eagerness. After the scrambling was over, we were entertained by a national dance, the execution of which had no great merit to boast, especially as some of the performers were drunk: the music was a monotonous ditty song, or rather screeched, at the pitch of their voices by the performers themselves. We soon afterwards sat down to dinner, and the singing was continued under the windows by four or five pair of vigorous female lungs, during the whole time that we were at table. The swing, that most necessary appendage to all Russian country festivities, which is seen in every village and in every gentleman's garden, was of course kept in full play."

At Velmogeï we find another country house; making, with its ornamental grounds, and fruit

gardens, a substantial picture of comfort, even according to our exacting English notions. Here Mr. Venables had a day's sporting:—

"Finding the rain had ceased, I got up, and before I was dressed, was told the master of the house was ready, and after a slight breakfast, we set out together. He was equipped in a great coat with a spencer over it, and a red comforter round his neck; a pair of very loose black velvet trousers, lined down the parts which press the saddle with black leather like a dragon's, and strong water-proof boots without spurs. A cloth cap completed his attire. \* \* \* I was mounted on a rough unpromising looking horse, which, however, belied his appearance, and proved to be in reality a good one. 'I found, indeed, that he was a Don Cossack, which breed of horses is famous for action and endurance, though coarse-looking and small. We had four piqueurs, and a fifth man, who was, I believe, a valet-de-chambre, and who was dressed somewhat differently. All these were mounted on small active horses of the same description as mine. Three of them wore short swords, and had horns slung over their shoulders. Two managed the greyhounds, and the other three hunted the hounds, for the sport was a combination of hunting and coursing; the object being that the hounds should find hares in the covert and drive them into the open ground to be coursed by the greyhounds. In this manner they sometimes kill twenty in a day: they also kill foxes, and occasionally a wolf; the latter, however, is in general difficult to meet with. We threw off among some bushes flanking and connecting two small woods. The hounds were uncoupled amidst a din of whips cracking, horns blowing, and men hallooing; in short, all pains were apparently taken to excite the pack to the highest possible pitch of wildness, and certainly not without success. Away they went into cover giving tongue like hounds who already wind a fox. 'That is no hare,' quietly remarked my companion, 'it is only their joy at getting loose.' The joy, however, was not easily subdued, and their cry continued with little interruption to be heard through the woods for about half an hour, when it was asserted they had found a hare, although, as nobody had seen it, I was sceptical enough to doubt its existence. At last a hare really made its appearance, and afforded a short course to the greyhounds, which it escaped by doubling back into the wood. Two men were always stationed outside the covers in favourable spots, each with two or three greyhounds; these dogs knew their business very well, and kept quietly in their proper places; each wore a collar with a ring, so that he could be led if necessary, the men having long leashes for the purpose; this, however, appeared to be seldom used except for young dogs not properly broken in. When the hare turned back into cover, the hounds were cheered on, and they took a ring through some rough ground: the hare was again driven from the wood, but the greyhounds did not catch sight of it, and in the end it was lost. My object, at first, was, if possible, to prevent the greyhounds seeing the hare, in order that we might have a hunt and a bit of a gallop; however, I soon discovered that when from the nature of the ground there was no chance of a course, the harriers very soon either were called off the scent, or threw up their heads of themselves. \* \* \* This which I have described is the universal style of what is called hunting by the Russians: they look upon hounds merely as instruments to find game for the greyhounds, upon whom they depend entirely for amusement. \* \* \* Their pleasure consists in looking at a course, and all that they require is a small active nag worth from five to ten or twelve pounds. Tame as this sport appears to our ideas, many Russians are extremely devoted to it: a gentleman whom I met the other day, told me that he had a neighbour who lived for nothing else but hare-hunting; he kept twelve hundred dogs, (hounds and greyhounds,) and killed annually on an average eighteen hundred hares: my informant calculates that this gentleman has got thrown into heaps the skeletons of about eighteen thousand horses. What a treasure, as manure, these bones would be to an English farmer!"

Our author was at Krasnoe during the hay-harvest: it is a tedious business, "owing to the large surface, in proportion to the produce, over which the scythe passes." "I have seen (adds

Mr. Venables, a few lines further,) fifty mowers at work in one place; and one day they had a hundred and fifty mowing in one meadow." The state of agriculture, generally, is described as wretched. On the road to Yaroslav our author makes us stop to look at the Russian postillion.

"The great pace at which the Russians generally go when the road is good, is very dangerous for the postillion, since, if his horse falls, the wheels cannot be stopped in time, and he is run over and probably killed. Such accidents are not uncommon on the great roads. It is astonishing how well the *istovschiks* drive four horses abreast through the bad roads, wearing gloves like those of an English hedger, made without fingers, and holding three reins in each hand. There is no country where a little extra drink-money will do so much as here. • • • They are very good-humoured fellows, and generally when they come to be paid, put on what they evidently consider a most insinuating tone and manner: they come to the carriage door, pull off their hats and make a low bow; they then shake back their long hair, which this performance has brought into their eyes, and say *navodka batushka*, or *nachai*, as the case may be, in their most persuasive tone. *Batushka* is a sort of endearing and at the same time respectful address, which is commonly used to superiors, as *brat* or brother is to equals and inferiors; it signifies literally *little father*. When they receive their money they generally look satisfied, while at the same time they often think a little more may be had for the asking, and they remark with an insinuating smile, that they have driven very well; and if a small coin is, on this plea, added to their *navodka*, they retire highly delighted with a profusion of thanks and bows. One man in the middle of our journey amused us much by turning round to M—, after he had received the usual drink-money, and saying 'Ah Marie Alexandrovna, I'm sure you'll give me a good *navodka*, for I know your father, and your uncles, and all the family.' He had probably found out who we were from the courier."

We can spare no space to describe the magnificent monastery at Yaroslav, or the Archbishop's robes of sky-blue velvet, embroidered with pearls. Here, a page on orders and distinctions of rank contains information which may be new to the reader, if not aware that titles multiply themselves to an unlimited extent,—there being, for instance, no less than three hundred princes of the name of Galitzin. We next arrive at Tamboff, where our author sojourned during the winter; and he gives a curious and minute account of a scene of enlistment, at which he was present—a lively sketch of maigre day dinners—and how a fast is managed, so as to become a feast. In preference, we shall "convey" Mr. Venables' description of the fair at Tamboff.

"The fair is not held in the town, for fear of fire; but on an extensive steppe or down, about three-quarters of a mile off. On this down a perfect village was erected of wooden booths, in which shops were opened for the sale of all kinds of goods, especially every article necessary for winter clothing, which was at the time exceedingly attractive, as we had a hard frost during the whole week. There were several fur-shops very handsomely provided with skins of all kinds, and of all prices; bear, fox, sable, beaver, wolf, and a variety of others, of which I do not know the names. Russians sometimes go to an enormous expense in fur; but a handsome fox-skin, for a lady's cloak, may be had for about eight pounds, and a beaver collar, which is the handsomest, and most agreeable fur for the purpose, for a lady or gentleman, will cost from eight to twelve pounds. A bear-skin pelisse, which is only fit for wearing in a sledge, or in travelling, costs about thirty pounds. There were also Tartar merchants, with shaven heads and skull-caps, who sold shawls, dressing-gowns, slippers, and all kinds of eastern manufactures; while close by them were drapers, silkmongers, and all the tradesmen requisite to furnish a lady's toilette, with goods home-made, or imported from England or France. The shopkeepers were all wrapped up in furs, for the booths were bitterly cold. Who would expect, at a country fair, to find church bells for sale! There were a number of all sizes,

some being of a very considerable weight of metal. They were hung on wooden frames in an open space, so that a customer could easily ring them to judge of their tones. Whether many of these bells were sold, I cannot tell; but I was told that there was always a certain demand for them at the fair. A number of fire-engines were stationed round the booths, to be useful not only in the event of fire, but as assistants to the police in keeping order; since, in case of a mob of drunken and disorderly people assembling at night, an engine playing into the midst of them speedily disperses the crowd. The horse-fair, altogether, presented a most curious scene; a large space of the steppe was thickly covered with *tilégas*, or little waggons, behind which the horses for sale were tied; and the strange figures of the people in their sheep-skin coats and fur caps, with their long beards, had anything but an European character. In one part of the fair were to be seen showy horses, covered with gaudy cloths, tied three or four together behind *tilégas*, and from time to time creating a disturbance by kicking and fighting with their companions or neighbours. In another quarter were Tartars bargaining for miserable worn-out animals, such as in England may be seen awaiting their time in the paddock adjoining a kennel; but which the Tartar purchases as food, not for his dogs, but himself; for horse-flesh is the principal fare of these Russian Mahometans, who are tolerably numerous in this neighbourhood. In another part of the fair, again, were dealers from the Don, with large lots of Cossack and Bashkir horses. The Cossack horse is rawboned and spare, carrying little flesh, and apparently not equal to any great weight; but he is better than he looks, is hardy, active, and enduring; he is little used for harness, for his master is a horseman bred and born. The Bashkir horse is short and punchy, with a thick neck, and a dull heavy head; but he will travel seventy miles without stopping or tiring. These animals, of both breeds, were chiefly wild unbroken colts, and were not haltered like the rest, and tied behind *tilégas*, but enclosed twenty or thirty together, in pens surrounded by a strong railing. In each pen was a lad with a whip, who kept the horses moving slowly round and round. It was curious to see the process of showing them to purchasers. When a customer fixed his eye on a horse, and wished to examine him and see his action, the dealer, with the help of a long stick, threw a noose over the horse's head, and pulled it tight round his throat. The bar which closed the pen was then let down, and the lad inside, keeping the other horses away from the opening, drove out the one which had been selected. He, of course, on finding himself on the open plain, immediately tried to run away; his escape, however, was not to be effected, for his owner had a firm hand on the rope round his neck, and a vigorous pull tightened the noose, so as almost to strangle the horse. The assistant having closed the pen, now came to his master's aid; and having forced a bridle on the head of the poor frightened brute, boldly jumped on his back. The colt, of course, resented this new aggression, by rearing, kicking, plunging, and doing all in his power to rid himself of his unceremonious rider; the Cossack, however, held fast by the mane, clung tightly with his legs, and kept a firm seat. Presently he urged on the horse, his master still holding the rope round the animal's neck. After a minute or two, the colt became more tranquil; the end of the rope was given to the rider, and he was left to take care of himself. He immediately set off at full gallop across the steppe, and returned after a while at the same pace, pulling up with some difficulty when he reached the spot from which he had started."

After these extracts, our readers will require no deliberate summing-up of the merits of Mr. Venables as a tourist. We have shown him to be unaffected, and reasonably amusing; and now part from him in good humour.

*Memoirs of John Bannister, Comedian.* By John Adolphus, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley.

It is biography be the most delightful department of history, because, illustrating humanity by the individual, it enlists the reader in the cause through his closest sympathies, it might be

thought that the proposition is especially true of the biography of an actor! Who is there that remembers not with delight his first schoolboy visit to a theatre?—his first perception of awakened powers of criticism and of feeling on the appearance of some great tragedian?—his first approach to familiarity with the idol of his early admiration, in the close intimacy of a well-packed side-box?—and who forgets the actor mixed up with such reminiscences? The very name of comedian is, with those whose experience is all before the curtain, a synonyme for pleasure; and whim, and joke, and frolic are assumed as the staple of his butterfly existence. Of no particular actor could all this be imagined more readily or more fully than of John Bannister, by those who remember his buoyant, brilliant, light-hearted acting. Unfortunately, the notion is a mere delusion. There is no reading more "stale, flat, and unprofitable" than the perusal of theatrical memoirs. There is a similarity, an identity of detail, both in the personal anecdotes, and the circumstances in which they are set, which is absolutely palling; when we have read one, we have read all. We say nothing of the conventional slang in which all is put together—the foot-light sentimentality, the buskined importance of trifles; nine times out of ten it runs somewhat in this way:—Charles (Charles is a good acting name) is born of humble, but honest parents, to whose business he is brought up; but "a soul above buttons" carries him on the stage. He offends his father, struggles with adverse circumstances, and his own baffled expectations, through a protracted career of provincial obscurity; at length finds his way to Bath, "the cradle of his talent," shows what is in him—comes to London—rejoices in increasing applause and increasing salary—quarrels with the manager, and writes letters—quarrels with the public, and writes paragraphs—changes his theatre—absents himself to become scarce, and stars it at Liverpool, Dublin, &c.—returns with money in both pockets—is taken into favour—realizes a fortune, if at length he becomes prudent—takes a farewell benefit, with feelings set to verse, to look natural, and with ladies' white pocket-hankerchiefs—after a few years, returns to the stage—more last words—and then, "last scene of all in this strange eventful history," acts himself out of the world, with all the honours of the death-bed proprieties,—a bright example to all disobedient children.

If the subject of the present memoir be not all this, so much the worse for his author. A good life makes an insipid memoir; and the quaintness of adventurous whim is usually extracted from the tale of him who has some distinctive feature of a scamp. Mr. Bannister was a gentleman in the force of the term. With good natural sense, and a perpetual overflowing of good spirits—without overweening pretensions, or an irritable vanity—his life was an unbroken scene of prosperous tranquillity. It is therefore as tedious in the telling as it was delightful in the reality. He was born in the year 1760—like many other great performers, the son of an actor—*porphyrogenitus*, still it cannot be said that "he left no calling for the idle trade," for his first aspirations were towards painting, of which he was a tasteful connoisseur and a devoted admirer to the last. Nevertheless, he entered on the profession with his father's approbation, for he played the first time for his benefit. His professional career was one of uninterrupted success. He married an amiable woman, of his own rank, by whom he had a family of affectionate and prosperous children. His gay, cheerful temperament, wit, and perfect good temper, rendered him as great a favourite off, as on the stage. His love of the arts, however, and

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of domesticity, preserved him from the stum-  
bling-block of most men so gifted—coarse intem-  
perance, and vulgar company; so that, with the  
exception of an occasional fit of the gout, he  
won his way to old age almost without a care.  
From such a life, it would be difficult to extract  
much personal interest; and what anecdotes the  
history of the stage might suggest have been so  
often hashed and re-hashed, that the public is  
heartily tired of them. These are difficulties with  
which no author could successfully contend; and  
we fear that the industry of Mr. Adolphus will  
hardly secure the play-loving public, who re-  
member Bannister, from some disappointment.  
Our readers will doubtless expect some speci-  
mens of the work, and we shall give an extract  
or two, without much selection or method. The  
following is transcribed from the manuscript of  
Bannister's 'Budget,' a dramatic entertainment,  
with which he amused the town, compiled by  
many friends, and put into shape by George  
Colman:—

"I was a student of painting in the Royal Aca-  
demy when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick, under  
whose superior genius the British stage bloomed and  
flourished beyond all former example. In my first  
interview with him, I expressed my desire of quitting  
the study I then pursued, for the stage. After fre-  
quent visits to him, he was pleased to say that he  
perceived a—a something in me which conveyed  
a—a promise, a—an indication of theatrical talent;  
and here I am led into an imitation.—(I beg pardon.)  
I mean an humble attempt at imitation, of his  
manner in private. He had a sort of a—a kind  
of a—a hesitation in his speech, a habit of indeci-  
sion which never marked his public exertions.  
One morning I was shown into his dressing-room,  
where he was before the glass, preparing to shave;  
a white night-cap covered his forehead; his chin and  
cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds; a razor-cloth  
was placed upon his left shoulder; and he turned  
and smoothed his shining blade upon the strop with  
as much dexterity as if he had been bred a barber at  
the Horse-Guards, and shaved for a penny; and I  
longed for a beard, that I might imitate his incom-  
parable method of handling the razor. 'Eh! well  
—what! young man—so, eh?' (this was to me,) 'so  
you are still for the stage? Well, how—what cha-  
racter do you—should you like to—ch?' 'I should  
like to attempt Hamlet, sir.' 'Eh! what? Hamlet  
the Dane! 'Zounds! that's a bold—have you stu-  
died the part?' 'I have, sir.' 'Well, don't mind  
my shaving,—speak the speech—the speech to the  
ghost—I can hear you,—never mind my shaving.'  
After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my  
hair, so that it might stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,

I supposed my father's ghost before me, armed 'cap-  
apie'; and off I started.

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!—

He wiped the razor,—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,—

he strapped the razor,—

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

he shaved on,—

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee!—

he took himself by the nose,—

I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane.—O, answer me!

Let me not burst in ignorance.

He lathered on. I concluded, but still continued my  
attitude, expecting prodigious praise; when, to my  
eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brand-  
ishing the razor, and thrusting his half-shaved face  
close to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me,  
that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I was  
more frightened at him than my father's ghost. He  
exclaimed, in a tone of ridicule,

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!

'Yaw, waw, waw, waw!' The abashed Prince Ham-  
let became sheepish, and looked more like a clown  
than the Grave-digger. He finished shaving, put on  
his wig, and, with a smile of good-nature, took me  
by the hand, and said, 'Come, young gentleman,—  
eh! let's see now what we can do.' He spoke the  
speech; and how he spoke it, those who have heard  
him never can forget."

The following reminiscence of a once popular  
caprice will have a charm for our elder thea-  
trical readers:—

"But the paramount whim, the captivating absur-  
dity of the season, was 'The Beggar's Opera,' with  
all the characters metamorphosed; men being sub-  
stituted for women, and women for men. This folly  
was introduced by a prelude written with consid-  
erable humour, in which Bannister played the promp-  
ter, and prepared the way for the follies which were  
to ensue, by a grave apology for a delay in beginning  
the performance, as Polly was only half shaved. The  
most striking travesties were Mrs. Cargill in Mac-  
heath, Mrs. Webb in Lockit, and Mrs. Wilson in  
Filch; Mr. Bannister, the father, in Polly, Edwin  
in Lucy, Jack Bannister in Jenny Diver, and Dick  
Wilson in Mrs. Peachum. We have with pleasure  
seen ladies perform male characters;—but the con-  
trary disguise, even to carry on during one scene a  
particular part of the plot, has been generally viewed  
with impatience and distaste. A few exceptions  
occur; but there the females are so masculine, that,  
if women were to perform them, the metamor-  
phosis would almost be petitioned for; take, as an  
instance, Moll Flaggon in 'The Lord of the Manor.'  
Could a woman be tolerated in it, if Liston were  
engaged at the house? In 'The Beggar's Opera,'  
the extraordinary merit or the extreme whimsicality  
of the performance reconciled the audience even to  
this portion of its impropriety. Wilson's vulgarity  
in Mrs. Peachum was often ludicrous and effective,  
but if Sir Hugh Evans was shocked at the old woman  
who had a 'pearl under her muffler,' the spectators  
of 'The Beggar's Opera' had much more right to be  
so, when Mrs. Peachum, holding her dress a little  
awkwardly, or swinging too heedlessly in her chair,  
let them perceive a pair of black plush breeches under  
her petticoats. They were not so much offended  
when Charles Bannister, managing his dress too  
carelessly, showed an ankle which, for its elegance,  
the fairest lady present might have wished her own.  
Edwin's Lucy was everything that a low virago, trans-  
planted from the bar of a dram-shop to the high  
office of an inferior turnkey at Newgate, could be  
expected to display. Her ludicrous grief, her vulgar  
rage, her nauseous fondness, and her petulant viti-  
peration, were delineated even beyond the life. Those  
who witnessed it cannot easily forget the tone  
and spirit which he infused into the songs 'Thus,  
when a good housewife sees a rat,' and 'I'm bubbled,  
I'm bubbled.' The line, 'These fingers, with plea-  
sure, could fasten the noose,' was given with a most  
unfeminine energy. In the mock female characters,  
the great achievement was Charles Bannister's Polly.  
\* \* Had he, with his ample, muscular, manly frame,  
and deep intonation both in speaking and singing,  
attempted to mince in his gait, or to 'aggravate his  
voice' into any feminine softness, the effect would,  
however successful for a moment, in the end have  
become tiresome and disgusting. The public had  
been used to witness his imitation of the Soprano  
of Tonducci; and his Arionelli, a similar personage,  
in 'The Son-in-law'; but they were short, and pro-  
duced an effect very different from that which would  
have attended a repetition during three long acts.  
He appeared overloaded, but not encumbered, by a  
complete dress of white muslin, with a hoop, and a  
middle which appeared tightly laced; and however  
inconsistent his large size, a certain trick of his coun-  
tenance, and his manly step, might be with the deli-  
cacy of a young female, no antics, or superadded  
drolleries of his own, drew down the senseless laugh,  
so often a tribute to mere grossness and absurdity.  
His 'big manly voice' alone produced a sufficient  
comic effect: his Caliban roar when Peachum pinches  
his daughter to make her confess, in the press-yard  
fashion, 'by squeezing an answer from her'; and the  
deep intonation of her kindness when she recommends  
a *repetitor* *haustus* from the gin-bottle.—'Give her  
another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double quan-  
tity whenever she is out of order,' would have drawn  
a hearty laugh from the sourest misanthrope. The  
songs, whether tender or spirited, were given with  
the utmost taste and judgment; and as much ap-  
plause as could possibly be bestowed on an attempt  
of the kind, was readily given to Polly's male repre-  
sentative. To the ladies in the travestie no less  
praise may be assigned. Mrs. Cargill's small and  
unencumbered figure made her a ludicrous contrast

to Bannister, who, when singing the line 'Fondly let  
me loll,' hardly knew on what part of her diminutive  
person to accommodate himself: yet the sweetness  
and spirit with which she gave the songs more than  
reconciled, it captivated the public. After her, Mrs.  
Kennedy played the hero of the highway; and that  
not in the disguised opera only, but when the other  
characters were restored to their proper sexes: the  
unrivalled tones of her exquisite voice made the au-  
dience forget that nature had denied her every advan-  
tage of face and form. \* \* Mrs. Webb showed much  
ability in Lockit; she was superior to Mrs. Lefevre  
in Peachum, and their quarrel produced much amuse-  
ment: but Mrs. Wilson, the arch, comical little  
creature, nick-named, from the colour of her locks,  
the Goldfinch, presented in Filch the perfect per-  
sonification of a handy, expert pickpocket, and the  
genuine manners of a well-plumed Newgate bird.  
So complete was the representation, that I remember  
hearing a lady remark that, if she saw such a fellow  
near her in the street, she should not require the  
admonition of a Bow-street officer to 'take care of  
her pockets.'—Ladies were pockets in those days."

So too will be the author's historical sketch of  
'L'Avocat Patelin,'—'The Village Lawyer':—

"This farce is frequently mentioned, and its spe-  
cific incidents—the same which are represented at  
this day—are referred to by Rabelais in his immortal  
history of Gargantua. M. Le Duchat, the learned  
commentator on the work of the old wit, tells us, in  
a note on the twentieth chapter of the first book, that,  
from internal evidence, the farce appears to have  
been written about the year 1470. Early in the six-  
teenth century, it was printed at Paris. It was trans-  
lated into Latin, and went through several impres-  
sions more or less correct. Who was the translator  
is doubtful; he called himself Alexander Condi-  
bertus, but his real name is supposed to have been  
Reuchlin. The farce is known on most of the theatres  
in Europe."

We shall now extract an amusing account of  
John Kemble's marriage:—

"One evening, Mrs. Brereton addressed Mrs.  
Hopkins: 'My dear mother,' she said, 'I cannot  
guess what Mr. Kemble means: he passed me just  
now, going up to his dressing-room, and chucking me  
under the chin, said, "Ha, Pop! I should not wonder  
if you were soon to hear of something very much to  
your advantage." What could he mean?' 'Mean,'  
the sensible mother answered, 'why he means to  
propose marriage; and, if he does, I advise you not  
to refuse him, you will not meet with a better offer.'  
Thus the matrimonial galley was launched; and the  
voyage proceeded rapidly, merrily, and to a joyous  
conclusion, although not unmarked with some pecu-  
liar circumstances. When the lady's consent was  
obtained, and the happy day fixed, Mr. Kemble was  
living purely *en garçon*, the elegancies of female life  
never thought on, in a lodging in Caroline Street,  
Bedford Square. His intimacy with Jack Bannister,  
and the true regard he felt for him, rendered it natural  
and easy to request Mr. Bannister's attendance at the  
ceremony. This was readily agreed to, and on the  
appointed morning, the 8th of December, Mrs. Hop-  
kins and Mrs. Brereton, presenting themselves at  
Bannister's abode in Frith Street, they all repaired  
to the bridegroom's dwelling. Whether he had been  
late over-night, or whether, 'dreaming of golden  
joys,' he had been unwilling to shorten his morning  
slumber, certain it is that, when the ladies arrived,  
there was not the slightest sign of preparation for  
breakfast. A number—they could not be termed a  
set—of tea-things at length appeared, the meal was  
discussed, the parties reached the church in proper  
time, and the ceremony was completed by an inti-  
mate friend of Kemble, the well-known Parson Este.  
They were departing in separate coaches, the gentle-  
men in one, the ladies in another, when Mrs. Ban-  
nister said, 'As you do not seem to have made any  
preparations, suppose you dine with us; but, as both  
Mrs. Kemble and Mr. Bannister play to-night, the  
dinner must be early and punctual.' This good-  
natured and considerate offer was readily accepted;  
the ladies went to Frith Street, and, having waited  
to the utmost extremity of time, were obliged to dine  
without the newly-married man. Bannister and  
Mrs. Kemble had departed before his arrival; dinner  
was served up again, and at a proper hour Mrs. Ban-

nister left him to his wine, expecting continually that he would appear at the tea-table; at last he did come, but not until it was full time that he should escort his wife home from the theatre. Thither he repaired in a hackney-coach; his wife popped in, and from that moment was installed mistress of a new abode."

Bannister would have joined chorus with Charles Lamb or Dr. Johnson himself in a hearty love of "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall":—

"I have lived too long (he observes) in London from early life to the present time, to like the country much: you cannot shake off old habits and acquire new ones. I must die (please God!) where I have lived so long. Kemble once said to me, 'Depend on it, Jack, when you pass Hyde Park Corner, you leave your comforts behind you.' *Experientia docet!* London for beef, fish, poultry, vegetables too; in the country you get ewe-mutton, cow-beef, and in general very indifferent veal. London is the great market of England. Why? Because it abounds in customers; and I believe you may live as cheap in London, and nobody know anything about you, as anywhere else. London is your best retirement, after long industry and labour. I delight in the country occasionally."

Bannister at times kept a journal. The following memoranda were noted down during a visit to his son in Devonshire:

"Still annoyed, (he says) by fleas, flies, gnats, and wasps; and last night a cock-chaffer went whack against my nose, hard enough to swell the tip." On another occasion he rises toward poetic expression. "I am the sport of fleas and flies! Domitian killed flies for amusement; a great part of my employment, during the day, is killing flies, fleas, gnats, and wasps in self-defence; surely my conduct, compared with the Roman Emperor, is more justifiable. I like to kill a wasp, but would rather be stung than hurt a bee." "I have often wished to pass some time at a farm house; but now, living in one, and finding that poultry produces fleas, I am cured of the propensity." "This was the day of the 'Christening of little Charles;'" the appointed time at the church, eleven; the car-driver ordered to be at the door at a quarter past ten. He did not keep his promise, so we sallied forth, hoping to meet him on his way; he took a different road, and we missed him. The weather intensely hot. Young Mrs. B., John B., little B., the fat nurse and old waddling Jack, went smoking alone for an hour and a half, up hill and down, treading in ruts, kicking against stones, swallowing dust, bitten by flies, and stepping in cow-dung, till we reached the church, where the parson had waited for us some time. "Who are the godfathers and godmothers?" "Here in me—I answer for three; myself one, my son Charles another, and Mrs. Bannister, sen. the third." And thus I stood for three when I was hardly able to stand at all. The child looked beautiful, adorned in all that Kitty had sent him. He conveniently slept till the parson took him, and then stretched out his little arms and showed the dimple in his left cheek. The ceremony was interesting, and ended pleasantly. We were very snug, our whole party consisting of ourselves, the tall thin clergyman, a short fat clerk, and a meagre old woman. The parson was asked to dine with us, but he was obliged to decline the invitation, having a cart waiting to take him to some friends. There is but one car at Brenton, and that came to the church-door for us on our quitting it."

There are a few anecdotes scattered throughout the narrative, but few of them are worth quoting, and fewer still original. Here is one of the best:—

"As Bannister stood one night unobserved, a small coterie of scene-shifters were discussing the performers of Hamlet; one admired Henderson, another Kemble, and each commented on his favourite. At last, one of them said, 'You may talk of Henderson and Kemble, but Bannister's Hamlet for me; for he has always done twenty minutes sooner than anybody else.'"

The following bon mot is quite Johnsonian, and merits a place:—

"Mr. Fladgate met, in company, one of those

'pert, conceited, talking sparks,' who, whatever may be the subject, pretend to more exact intelligence than any one around them. This gentleman, on every occasion, answered the last speaker by saying, 'But, sir, I happen to know.' He had repeated this phrase a great many times, to the annoyance of the whole party, when Mr. Fladgate, with peculiar dryness of manner, said to him, 'Sir, you really have more fortuitous information than any man I ever conversed with.'"

The memoir concludes with a justly-merited eulogium on Bannister's professional conduct through life, that offers an example which the sometimes wayward children of Thespis will do well to study.

*Dissertations on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology.* By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. Knight.

THE subjects discussed in these volumes are too extensive and too important to be beneficially examined in a journal designed for general readers, we must, therefore, confine ourselves to a summary of their contents, and leave our readers to form an estimate of their merits. Lord Brougham seems to have chosen Cicero's 'Tusculan Questions' as the model for his first dissertation. That doubtful patriot, when the political prospects of his party became gloomy, when the aristocracy disregarded the *novus homo*, and the democracy refused to trust one whose elevation to rank was followed by a suspicious zeal for his new order, sought consolation in philosophy: in like manner, Lord Brougham has turned from affairs of state to philosophical discussion, and abandoned the commonwealth of England to look after that of the bees. Lord Althorpe is here represented as his companion in this recreation, and the results of their inquiries appear in the form of a dialogue, which, however, possesses less dramatic character than might have been expected. The first part of the investigation is devoted to determining the distinctive quality of instinct, or that which distinguishes it from reason. Lord Brougham thus defines instinct as opposed to reason:—

"It acts without teaching, either from others, that is, instruction, or from the animal itself, that is, experience. This is generally given as the definition or description of Instinct. But we have added another peculiarity, which seems also a necessary part of the description—it acts without knowledge of consequences—it acts blindly, and accomplishes a purpose of which the animal is ignorant."

To the last clause of this definition Lord Althorpe makes some very reasonable objections, which we do not think that the respondent has adequately answered. There is a latent sophism in the use of the word consequences, for it includes immediate and very remote results. According to Voltaire, the Peace of Utrecht was the consequence of a cup of tea spilled on Mrs. Masham's gown: of this consequence the person who spilled the tea was assuredly ignorant; are we, therefore, to call the action instinctive? It is assuredly possible that immediate consequences may be apparent to the insect which we cannot discover by observation or experiment, while the remote consequences are manifested to superior intelligence. To borrow an illustration from human life, it is ordinarily said that the enlightened mind looks to the distant and remote results of actions, while cunning, or acute perception of immediate results, is the wisdom of fools. The point, however, is not of great importance, because it is conceded that animals do not always act by instinct,—at least, by instinct as restricted in this definition; indeed, we should scarcely have noticed it, if Lord Brougham had propounded the proposition less dogmatically. Two instances, very triumphantly given, are far from being conclusive:—

"Maraldi found that a bee an hour old flew off to

the proper flowers, and returned in a little time with two pellets of farina, then supposed to be the material for making wax, now known to be used only in making bees breed, since the capital discovery of our John Hunter showed wax to be, like honey, a secretion of the animal. Nay, before birth too, the animal works to an end, and with the same exact uniformity. The inimitable observations of the great Reaumur shew that the chick, in order to break the egg-shell, moves round, chipping with its bill-scale till it has cut off a segment from the shell. It always moves from right to left; and it always cuts off the segment from the big end. There is no such thing as a party of what Gulliver calls 'little-endians' in nature."

The bee may have flown to those flowers which most gratify its peculiar sense of smell, and the chick undoubtedly moves in that direction in which motion is most pleasing.

The discussion respecting animal intelligence, is more varied and interesting than that on instinct. The following facts are stated, to prove that animals occasionally exhibit knowledge derived from their own observation and experience:—

"Smellie mentions a cat which, being confined in a room, in order to get out and meet its mate of the other sex, learnt of itself to open the latch of a door; and I knew a pony in the stable here, that used both to open the latch of the stable, and raise the lid of the corn-chest—things which must have been learnt by himself, from his own observation, for no one is likely to have taught them to him. Nay, it was only the other day that I observed one of the horses taken in here to grass, in a field through which the avenue runs, open one of the wickets by pressing down the upright bar of the latch, and open it exactly as you or I do."

Every man's experience may suggest similar instances. The following anecdotes are of more questionable import:—

"In the forests of Tartary and of South America, where the Wild Horse is gregarious, there are herds of 500 or 600, which, being ill prepared for fighting, or indeed for any resistance, and knowing that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appoint one in rotation who acts as sentinel, while the rest are asleep. If a man approaches, the sentinel walks towards him as if to reconnoitre, or see whether he may be deterred from coming near—if the man continues, he neighs aloud and in a peculiar tone, which rouses the herd, and all gallop away, the sentinel bringing up the rear. Nothing can be more judicious or rational than this arrangement, simple as it is. So a horse, belonging to a smuggler at Dover, used to be laden with run spirits, and sent on the road unattended to reach the rendezvous. When he descried a soldier, he would jump off the highway, and hide himself in a ditch, and when discovered would fight for his load. The cunning of foxes is proverbial; but I know not if it was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country; where Reynard, being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a water-pool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow-bough hanging over the pond. The cunning of a dog, which Serjeant Wilde tells me of, as known to him, is at least equal. He used to be tied up, as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night, he slipped his head out of the collar, and returning before dawn put on the collar again, in order to conceal his nocturnal excursion. Nobody has more familiarity with various animals (beside his great knowledge of his own species) than my excellent, learned, and ingenious friend, the Serjeant; and he possesses many curious ones himself. His anecdote of a drover's dog is striking, as he gave it me, when we happened, near this place, to meet a drove. The man had brought 17 out of 20 oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog, 'Go, fetch them; and he went and singled out those very three. The Serjeant's brother, however, a highly respectable man, lately Sheriff of London, has a dog that distinguishes Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday night, and return on Monday

morning, was at a make an head into legs one whose sep clamour. cries had.

But, p of anim de Ner himself.

"A sw a cord att Nations a drawn the in vain at assembl large bas They see little wh string, an and other striking a combined in severi They all only, inst they had chattering acious of

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The i cially in belongs telligence example tion:—"I rec boy, or r finch, be fine and very good which, be it wanted

The observation "L. E. beside to distance a coach; Dr. Beat never ha less singu ticated."

We ar decisive, when qu a friend i ing and through were con out-stati his frien ran awa to Bang turned, home, a through seven

In the tion of a animals they, in tional sig signs of "The



morning. The Serjeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the goose, and hearing her make an extraordinary noise, ran back and put his head into the cage—then brought back all the goslings one by one, and put them into it with the mother, whose separation from her brood had occasioned her clamour. He then returned to the place whence her cries had called him."

But, perhaps, one of the most singular stories of animal intelligence, is that told by Dupont de Nemours, which, he says, he witnessed himself.

"A swallow had slipped its foot into the noose of a cord attached to a spout in the Collège des Quatre Nations at Paris, and by endeavouring to escape had drawn the knot tight. Its strength being exhausted in vain attempts to fly, it uttered piteous cries, which assembled a vast flock of other swallows from the large basin between the Tuileries and Pont Neuf. They seemed to crowd and consult together for a little while, and then one of them darted at the string, and struck at it with his beak as he flew past; and others following in quick succession did the same, striking at the same part, till, after continuing this combined operation for half an hour, they succeeded in severing the cord, and freeing their companion. They all continued flocking and hovering till night; only, instead of the tumult and agitation in which they had been at their first assembling, they were chattering as if without any anxiety at all, but conscious of having succeeded."

If this be true, French swallows are more intelligent or more benevolent than those of Britain, for we have seen a swallow similarly caught, without its companions attempting its extrication. On the other hand, we have seen the house-swallows vary their adaptation of means to an end, when compelled to build their nests in novel situations.

The imitative faculty in animals, and especially in singing-birds, is very remarkable; but belongs more, we think, to instinct, than to intelligence. Lord Brougham mentions a curious example, which came under his own observation:—

"I recollect a green linnet, which I had when a boy, or rather a mongrel between that and a goldfinch, being placed in a kitchen, and leaving its own fine and sweet notes, to take to an imitation, and a very good and exceedingly discordant one, of a jack which, being ill-constructed, generally squeaked as if it wanted oiling."

The examples of memory combined with observation, in dogs, are very numerous:—

"L. Edmunds had one that was carried from Ambleside to three miles on the other side of Burton, a distance of twenty-seven miles, in a close hamper, by a coach; and it found its way back next morning. Dr. Beattie's account of a dog which was carried in a basket thirty miles distance, through a country he never had seen, and returned home in a week, is less singular than this, even if it were as well authenticated."

We are enabled to add an anecdote still more decisive. A gentleman in the H.E.I.C. service, when quartered at Bangalore, was invited to visit a friend at a distant station, to share in some hunting and shooting excursions. As the road lay through a dense and dangerous jungle, the dogs were conveyed in baskets. When he reached the out-station, the Major's dogs were attacked by his friend's pack, and one, his especial favourite, ran away. After a vain search, he sent back to Bangalore, on the chance of its having returned, and found that the animal had gone home, and run a distance of fifty-seven miles, through an unknown and tangled jungle, in seventeen hours.

In the application of these facts to the formation of a theory, both the noble lords agree that animals have the power of abstraction,—because they, in a tame state, understand our conventional signs; and, when wild, have conventional signs of their own.

"The cock grouse calls the hen; the male the

female of many animals. The pigeon and the field-fare and the crow make signals; and the wild horse is a clear case of signals. All this implies not only Abstraction, but that very kind of Abstraction which gives us our language. It is in fact a language which they possess, though simple and limited in its range."

"The existence of a comparing and contriving power is undeniable; but the question as to the limits of its extent, is the difficulty. Lord Brougham ascribes animal inferiority, in some degree, to physical organization.

"The want of fingers endowed with a nice sense of touch is an obstruction to the progress of all, or almost all the lower animals. The elephant's trunk is no doubt a partial exception, and accordingly his sagacity is greater than that of almost any other beast. The monkey would have a better chance of learning the nature of external objects if his thumb were not on the same side of his hand with his fingers, whereby he cannot handle and measure objects as we do, whose chief knowledge of size and form is derived from the goniometer of the finger and thumb, the moveable angle which their motion and position give us."

The general conclusion is, that animal intelligence differs from human, not in kind, but in degree; but this conclusion is rather shadowed forth than distinctly propounded; and the great difficulty to its reception, the fact that animal intelligence is not progressive, is evaded.

To these dissertations are appended some original experiments and mathematical investigations on the structure of the cells of bees, showing that their instinct had solved the problem of the solid of greatest saving of surface. These are very curious, but the subject could scarcely be rendered intelligible to general readers.

Lord Brougham commences his second volume with a dissertation on the Origin of Evil, the most perplexing subject that has ever engaged the attention of metaphysicians and theologians. His theory is derived from what we deem a very forced analogy between Intelligence and Benevolence. From partial exceptions to the evidence of design, exceptions resulting from our own ignorance, no one argues against the wisdom of God displayed in the works of creation. As some of these apparent exceptions, such as the secular irregularities of the solar system, have, when knowledge advanced, been found, instead of defects, the very absolute perfection of the whole heavenly architecture; so, what we call evil may, on further examination, prove to be essential parts of a system of optimism. He illustrates this by the following familiar example:—

"A man of the most extensive benevolence and strictest integrity in his general deportment has done something equivocal; nay, something apparently harsh, and cruel; we are slow to condemn him; we give him credit for acting with a good motive and for a righteous purpose; we rest satisfied that 'if we only knew everything, he would come out blameless.' This arises from a just and a sound view of human character, and its general consistency with itself. The same reasoning may surely be applied, with all humility and reverence, to the works and intentions of the great Being who has implanted in our mind the principles which lead to that just and sound view of the deeds and motives of men."

But, after all, what is this more than to say "evil would not be evil if we could see the good of it"?

All discord's harmony not understood,  
All partial evil universal good.

Or how does his Lordship's theory differ from that of Dr. Pangloss, "that everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds"?

To this dissertation are added notes on Conflicting Instincts, on Ubiquity, the Resurrection of the Body, and the Vis Medicatrix, or natural process by which compensation is made without our agency for injuries sustained by our struc-

ture. Any one of these researches would require more space for a satisfactory examination than we can devote to the entire work; but we may notice the essay on Ubiquity, as being the most original and most satisfactory.

The volumes are completed by an analysis of the recent discoveries in Fossil Osteology, and a Conspectus of Newton's Principia. Lord Brougham returns to mathematics with all the fervency of first love, and seems to forget the length of time that has elapsed since his paper on Porisms excited the admiration of Playfair. He promises, in a third volume, to give an analysis of the *Mécanique Céleste*, with the remainder of the Principia, and we therefore reserve to a future opportunity an examination of his Lordship's application of Physical Astronomy to the illustration of Natural Theology.

*History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By George Bancroft. Vol. II.

(Second Notice.)

THE volume of this work now under consideration comprises, we have said, an account of the first settlement and gradual civilization of most of the original states of the union. In the course of the animated survey here taken, we have been more than ever impressed with what we may call the *picturesqueness* of American history. In this respect we apprehend it has been under-valued, perhaps even by Americans themselves, certainly by most other persons. A part of it, that relating to the revolution, though intrinsically interesting, and especially as connected with great political events and consequences—yet has at least a general resemblance to the history of the revolutions and wars of other countries. This subject, too, is familiar to all the world; the French Revolution itself is hardly more common-place and threadbare. But the public seem to regard this as the entire or as the principal portion of American annals. They seem to consider that American history begins with the establishment of American nationality, or, at least, with the palpable breaking out of the great movement made to that end. Now, the revolutionary contest certainly was a great event; we do not at all disparage its magnitude or historical magnificence. It occurred, too, in an age of extraordinary men,—of characters as imposing, in comparison with the generality of those who figure on the level of the world's history, as that great conflict itself, which called them out and developed their abilities by opportunity and excitement, is in comparison with the ordinary, uninformed, ineffective, and vulgar insurrections with which all human history is filled. All this we understand; but we do not the less think it a great error to suffer the gigantic and towering dimensions of that single movement to fill up the whole horizon of historical prospect in the western hemisphere. A comparatively unknown world lies stretched out behind the American Revolution;—a boundless and most fertile land, reaching away in the sunshine of clear records through verdure and virgin bloom, with many a winding rivulet and many a mighty stream;—a region not notable alone, either for its beauty or its vast expanse, but full of inducements to scientific exploration. In plain prose, we mean to say, that the provincial annals of the United States—the chronicles embraced in this second volume, for example—are incomparably both more interesting and more important than they are generally esteemed. Whoever imagines that Mr. Bancroft must have found this part of his theme an uninviting one, is sadly at fault, and cannot do better than to correct his mistake at once by reading the work. He who duly reflects beforehand, indeed, on what are well known to have

been the great general circumstances of American colonization, and of the early progress of the civilization and extension of society on that side the Atlantic, cannot but anticipate the remark we have now made; he will look eagerly to these primitive annals as to a strange, grand, romantic drama;—a spectacle the world has never seen before, nor can, in the nature of things, behold again; acted out with “ample room and verge enough,” under unprecedented excitement, yet with marvellous distinctness and deliberation—in the presence of all mankind, and upon a new continent for a stage. The Revolution, which so absorbs public attention,—swallowing up, as a subject, all the rest of American history,—is but the last act of this great drama. The rest of the play—all that leads to this sublime development—all that explains it—has gone before. In proportion to the interest of this latter must be the greater interest of what precedes. If the Revolution was itself so great an event, surely it is wise to seek into its hidden causes, that the seeker for truth and the student of humanity may considerably contemplate, and justly understand it. If any truth ever was “stranger than fiction,” it will be found in this history: so varied, so vivid, so heterogeneous, and yet so harmonious a picture do these early American annals set before us; so poetical are they, though at the same time so notoriously and pre-eminently practical,—in a word, as we began with saying, so picturesque.

Numberless illustrations of the truth of this general remark might easily be derived from Mr. Bancroft's pages. He is poet enough to have clearly discerned and fully appreciated the splendid, poetical interest of his theme, and to have given to its various passages accordingly the prominence they deserved. He does not, however, forget or neglect his business in his delight; he only avails himself of his excitement to do that business better; he uses his enthusiasm as a minister to his industry; it is a Genius of the Lamp to him. Of course, this volume is full of passages we should gladly extract; but we must content ourselves with a few, chiefly in connexion with the particular point to which we have invited the reader's attention.

There is not one of these provinces or colonies, in any period of their annals, in which not merely what may be called picturesque scenes, but *dramatis personæ* also of a corresponding description, are not moving before us—characters so far from commonplace, that, let them have lived when or where they might, they could never have failed to attract the admiration which he who now studies them will feel to be their due. Nor is it only to warriors, discoverers, adventurers, old-fashioned rude heroes of early civilization, that we now refer, though of these American annals are full; from first to last they seem but a series of scenes for Raleighs, and Smiths, and Hudsons, and such men to act in: but statesmen, scholars, and high-bred cavaliers, consummate gentlemen, and many a man of noble blood—philosophers, and orators, and chancellors, and conquerors,—all figure upon this ground from time to time. Of Massachusetts we said enough in our former notice. It was always a leading community, as it is still. It went forward in all great movements. It always pleaded and maintained the cause of liberty, of republicanism, of religion and education, of social order, of all the great interests of the States, and of man at large. Those *must* have been great men who made this community what it has been, and stimulated and strengthened it to do what it has done. However, passing over Massachusetts, let us glance at some of its neighbours. Here is Connecticut: we select that part of its annals with

which this volume begins. It was suing to Charles II. for a charter, and obtained one of such extraordinary liberality as not only to satisfy but to astonish the Connecticut republicans themselves:—conferring on them, as Mr. Bancroft allows, “unqualified power to govern themselves,”—a system under which they flourished for more than a century in perfect peace.

“Could Charles,” we are told, “have looked back upon earth, and seen what security his gift of a charter had conferred, he might have gloried in an act which redeemed his life from the charge of having been unproductive of public happiness. The contentment of Connecticut was full to the brim. In a public proclamation under the great seal of the colony, it told the world that its days under the charter were ‘halcyon days of peace.’”

There is something in this very prosperity, under all the circumstances noticed by the historian, which illustrates what we mean by the picturesqueness of the provincial annals. It is something more than Arcadian. A hardy race, he tells us, multiplied along the streams; the rockier regions were gradually subdued; the wilderness yielded to the axe; the population doubled in twenty years; religion and morality were respected; education was sedulously cherished; common schools were established universally from the first; a college was talked of, and Yale was instituted by ‘ten worthy gentlemen,’ who, in 1700, assembled at Branford, and each laying a few volumes on a table, said, “I give these for the founding a college in this colony;” an establishment which now rivals any like institution in the United States, and stands at the head of all for the number of its students. Frugality was then in vogue. Fifty years after the charter was granted, the annual expenses of the government did not exceed 800*l.*, while the Chief Justice's salary was 10*s.* a day. The regular town-meetings furnished sufficient opportunity and vent for all public improvements on one hand, and all popular or political excitements on the other. But let the historian exhibit his own beautiful picture:—

“The strifes of the parent country, though they sometimes occasioned a levy among the sons of the husbandmen, yet never brought an enemy within their borders; tranquillity was within their gates, and the peace of God within their hearts. No fears of midnight ruffians could disturb the sweetness of slumber; the best house required no fastening but a latch, lifted by a string; bolts and locks were unknown. There was nothing morose in the Connecticut character. It was temperate industry enjoying the abundance which it had created. No great inequalities of condition excited envy, or raised political feuds; wealth could display itself only in a larger house and a fuller barn; and covetousness was satisfied by the tranquil succession of harvests. There was venison from the hills; salmon, in their season, not less than shad, from the rivers; and sugar from the trees of the forest. For a foreign market little was produced beside cattle; and in return for them but few foreign luxuries stole in. Even so late as 1713, the number of seamen did not exceed one hundred and twenty. The soil had originally been justly divided, or held as common property in trust for the public, and for new comers. Forestealing was successfully resisted; the brood of speculators in land inexorably turned aside. Happiness was enjoyed unconsciously; beneath the rugged exterior humanity wore its sweetest smile. There was for a long time hardly a lawyer in the land. The husbandman who held his own plough, and fed his own cattle, was the great man of the age; no one was superior to the matron, who, with her busy daughters, kept the hum of the wheel incessantly alive, spinning and weaving every article of their dress. Fashion was confined within narrow limits; and pride, which aimed at no grander equipage than a pillion, could exult only in the common splendour of the blue and white linen gown, with short sleeves, coming down to the waist, and in the snow-white flaxen apron, which, primly starched and ironed, was worn on public days by every woman in the land.

For there was no revolution, except from the time of sowing to the time of reaping, from the plain dress of the week day to the more trim attire of the Sunday. Every family was taught to look upward to God, as to the Fountain of all good. Yet life was not sombre. The spirit of frolic mingled with innocence; religion itself sometimes wore the garb of gaiety; and the annual thanksgiving to God was, from primitive times, as joyous as it was sincere.”

How obvious it is that a condition of things like this could never have existed nor continued but for the presence and prevailing influence in this community of more than ordinary men. How does the reader imagine this strangely democratic charter itself, for instance, could have been obtained from such a monarch and such a man as Charles, at a period too when there was so much of provocation and difficulty as we have seen in other quarters. The secret is in the character of their agent. This was Winthrop the younger, so called to distinguish him from the first governor and “father” of Massachusetts, his venerable sire; and what a personage was this to find in the American wilderness at this early age!

“Even as a child, he had been the pride of his father's house; he had received the best instruction which Cambridge and Dublin could afford; and had perfected his education by visiting, in part at least, in the public service, not Holland and France only, in the days of Prince Maurice and Richelieu, but Venice and Constantinople. From boyhood his manners had been spotless; and the purity of his soul added lustre and beauty to the gifts of nature and industry; as he travelled through Europe, he sought the society of men eminent for learning. Returning to England in the bloom of life, with every promise of preferment which genius, gentleness of temper, and influence at court, could inspire, he preferred to follow his father to the new world: regarding ‘diversities of countries but as so many inns,’ alike conducting to ‘the journey's end.’”

When the father was impoverished by his expenses in founding the Massachusetts colony, the son relinquished the whole of his large inheritance to the same end. For “twice seven years” he was annually chosen governor of Connecticut, and then, like Washington, retired to private life and a humble condition. In the little village of New London he contented himself with his fine library, and with a correspondence with Milton, Newton, Robert Boyle, and Clarendon himself. Such was the man who, by his personal influence and eloquence alone, seems to have achieved the heart's desire of his province at the English court. Charles and Clarendon both were apparently so enamoured of the man that they delighted to do him service, and thus Connecticut, of the King's free will, became substantially as independent before the Revolution as it has been or can be since. Mr. Bancroft himself almost sighs over the bright days he describes so well. Those days, he says, “never will return.” The patriot may not wish to restore them, but the poet at least cannot regard them without admiration, and almost regret. They were the happy childhood of a truly prosperous civilized community. Its manhood may be more opulent, more active, more famous,—as the historian intimates,—but it cannot be more tranquil or more pure.

Next comes Rhode Island. Here Roger Williams figured; a great man,—great in intellect, but more so in spirit, one of the first who learned—

To know  
Both spiritual powers and civil, what each means,  
What severs each.

Rhode Island also got a charter from Charles, and that through the singular ability and high character of its agent:—

“No joy could be purer than that of the colonists, when the news was spread abroad, that ‘George Baxter, the most faithful and happiest bringer of the

charter,’  
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charter' had arrived. On the beautiful island, long esteemed a paragon for fertility, and famed as one of the pleasantest sea-side spots in the world, the whole body of the people gathered together, 'for the solemn reception of His Majesty's gracious letters patent.' It was 'a very great meeting and assembly.' The letters of the agent 'were opened, and read with good delivery and attention'; the charter was next taken forth from the precious box that had held it, and 'was read by Baxter, in the audience and view of all the people; and the letters with His Majesty's royal stamp, and the broad seal, with much becom- ing gravity, were held up on high, and presented to the perfect view of the people.' Now Rhode Island was safe.

Incredible as it may seem, this charter too constituted a pure democracy. It is still in existence, and is said to be the oldest constitu- tional charter in the world. The laws of Rhode Island remain almost exactly what they then were, while the population has been increasing more than forty fold. And "nowhere," says Mr. Bancroft,—and we believe he speaks truly,—"have life, liberty, or property been safer than there."

We change the scene to North Carolina. Who were the men concerned in its foundation? The leading proprietors were Monk, now made Duke of Albemarle, Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftsbury, Lord Craven, a brave old cavalier, who had fought in Germany, and was sup- posed to be the husband of the Bohemian Queen, and finally, the minister and historian Clarendon himself; the rest of this curious company being also knights or nobles. The grant was afterwards so extended as to include all the now southern states, even Texas, and a part of Mexico. In fact, it reached to the Pacific, and if divided among these eight genuine "scrip- men," would, as Mr. Bancroft says, have given each of them an immense realm. There is something picturesque again even in this enormity. This was the community for which John Locke was summoned to make, and did make, a constitution (at the hint of Shaftsbury); which constitution, by the way, expressly sanctioned negro slavery. It is stated that the original manuscript of this document is still preserved in a library at Charleston. A few years elapse, and we find the famous George Fox among these people. Behold the scene!—

"In the autumn of the same year, George Fox travelled across 'the great bogs,' of the Dismal Swamp, commonly 'laying abroad nights in the woods by a fire,' till at last he reached a house in Carolina, and obtained the luxury of a mat by the fireside. Carolina had ever been the refuge of Quakers and 'renegades' from ecclesiastical oppression; and Fox was welcomed to their safe asylum. The people lived lonely in the woods, with no other guardian to their solitary houses than a watch-dog. There have been religious communities, which, binding themselves by a vow to a life of study and reflection, have planted their monasteries in the solitudes of the desert, on the place where they might best lift up their hearts to contemplative enjoyments. Here was a colony of men from civilized life, scattered among the forests, hermits with wives and children, resting on the bosom of nature, in perfect harmony with the wilderness of their gentle clime. With absolute freedom of conscience, benevolent reason was the simple rule of their conduct. Such was the people to whom George Fox explained the beautiful truth that gives vitality to his sect, 'opening many things concerning the light and spirit of God that is in every one,' without distinction of education or race."

"Almost all the American colonies were chiefly settled by those to whom the uniformities of European life were intolerable; North Carolina was settled by the freest of the free; by men to whom the restraints of other colonies were too severe; they were not so much caged in the woods as scattered in lonely granges. There was neither city nor township; there was hardly even a hamlet, or one house within

sight of another; nor were there roads, except as the paths from house to house were distinguished by notches in the trees. But the settlers were gentle in their tempers, of serene minds, enemies to violence and bloodshed. Not all the successive revolutions had kindled vindictive passions; freedom, entire freedom, was enjoyed without anxiety as without guaranties; the charities of life were scattered at their feet, like the flowers on their meadows; and the spirit of humanity maintained its influence in the Arcadia, as royalist writers will have it, 'of rogues and rebels,' in the paradise of Quakers."

A word on South Carolina now, for another "illustration." Here, again, Shaftsbury was concerned, and Locke was elected a "land- grave." And now observe the strange supplies of population. British emigrants were sent out, but meanwhile came also, the *very first year*, Sir John Yeamans, from Barbadoes, with *negro slaves*; the same season two Dutch ship-loads from New York, followed afterwards by many of their countrymen from Holland; in 1679 two vessels, sent by the king himself, with Protestants from the South of Europe, to introduce the orange, olive, mulberry, and vine; in 1683, a colony of Irish; the same season, a company of Dissenters from Somersetshire, under Blake, brother of the great admiral. Then came a Scotch party, under the Presbyterian Lord Cardross. Great numbers of the Huguenot refugees followed from France. This unfortunate but brave people—"obtained an assignment of lands, and soon had tenements; there they might safely make the woods the scene of their devotions, and join the simple incense of their psalms to the melodies of the winds among the ancient groves. Their church was in Charleston; and thither on every Lord's day, gathering from their plantations upon the banks of the Cooper, and taking advantage of the ebb and flow of the tide, they might all regularly be seen, the parents with their children, whom no bigot could now wrest from them, making their way in light skiffs along the river, through scenes so tranquil that silence was broken only by the rippling of oars, and the hum of the flourishing village that gemmed the confluence of the rivers."

We might continue a series of these colonial pictures of at least equal interest, but enough has been given as a sample. We may, how- ever, remind the reader, that while Hudson led on the Dutch to take their share in the occupa- tion of the continent, Grotius was equally interested in the matter at home: and that the Swedish settlements, a little farther south, were strenuously patronized by Gustavus Adolphus and his great Chancellor Oxenstiern. Perhaps the period and region in which William Penn was concerned are more interesting than all others. The historian has done full justice to this great man, and the picture here given of the commonwealth which he founded so firmly and loved so well, is one of the most pleasing passages of authentic history which the annals of the world comprise. But we must leave the subject till we receive another volume. We re- joice to find, meanwhile, that the work is appre- ciated in America as we hope it will be in England. This volume has already arrived at a second, and the first one at a third edition.

*A Treatise on Language, or the Relations which Words bear to Things.* By A. B. Johnson. Wiley & Putnam.

Few subjects are more important, or more generally neglected, than the use and abuse of words. In addition to the general unpopularity of metaphysical specu- lations, every inquiry into the relation which words bear to things, leads to the mortifying result, that a great portion of our knowledge is merely verbal, and that we have mistaken processes of language for revelations of nature. But painful as the lesson may be, it is one of great importance, and Mr. Johnson has done good service by directing attention to the subject. Mr. Johnson excels rather in establishing

separate propositions than in maintaining a continuous argument. We do not find in his work any general view of the entire field of investigation, and con- sequently in many of his sections he is unnecessarily discursive, and loses sight of the ultimate aim of his treatise. The entire book is designed to elucidate one precept, "to interpret language by nature, not nature by language;" but in order to comprehend the importance of this aphorism it is necessary to show that, from the very constitution of man and of lan- guage, a tendency arises to contemplate creation through the medium of words, and that the better a person is educated the more is this tendency increased, inasmuch, that "to think in words" is generally deemed one of the most important advantages result- ing from enlarged instruction. We must not, however, attempt to supply this deficiency, and shall simply point out one or two propositions which indicate the sources of many common errors, and the means by which they may be corrected. "Language," says Mr. Johnson, "implies a oneness to which nature conforms not." Thus shape is in nature double, being both a sight and a feeling, and these phenomena are perfectly distinct. The blind man suddenly restored to sight, of whom Locke gives us an account, is said to have had no idea of distance, and this is made a fallacy of the senses. But in truth there was no fallacy: nature gave him the two impressions of distance from sight and feeling perfectly distinct, and he had not learned by experience to associate one with the other. The fallacy was in language, which asserts a unity where nature has given a duality. Next in importance is the proposition, "Language implies identities to which nature conforms not." To a certain class of diseases we give the name fever, and thus imply that there is an identity between the cases; but physicians are now aware that the fever under which A suffers is not the same as that which afflicts B, and he watches the symptomatic differences in order to vary the treatment. Quackery mainly rests on the tacit assumption that identity of name infers identity of disease, and it therefore tenders a universal remedy. This is the source of much error and confusion in education; we have substituted books for objects, and reading for oral instruction, and hence we suggest to the youthful mind that the identities found in lan- guage exist in nature. Thus, a child reads that the earth travels with various motions and various veloci- ties, and is left to infer that its travelling, motions, and velocities, are identical with those of a coach or a steam-boat. He hears that light will pass through crystal, but that his hand will not, and he is left to compare two facts essentially different, for the passage of light is an object of only one sense, seeing,—while the passage of the hand is an object of two, seeing and feeling. These specimens of Mr. Johnson's work will be sufficient to invite the attention of all who feel an interest in the subject. We have read it with much pleasure, and we hope that it may have as extensive a circulation in this country as it has had in America.

*List of New Books.*—The Royal Gallery of Pictures, No. 1. royal 4to. 21s., proofs 31s. 6d. swd.—The Prince and the Pedlar, 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s. bds.—Turner's Chemistry, Part III. No. 1. 3s. 6d. swd.—Hood's Comic Annual, 1839, 12s. hf-bd.—Memoirs of John Bannister, by J. Adolphus, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.—Encyclopedia Metropolitana, 3rd division, 'History,' Vol. IV. 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.—Readings in Prose, new edit. 4s. 6d. cl.—Readings in Poetry, new edit. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Child of the Atlantic, by Charlotte Adams, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Horne on the Scriptures, 4 vols. 8vo. 8th edit. 3l. 3s. bds.—Horne's Manual of Bibliography, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Martha, by Dr. Reed, 12mo. 3rd edit. 6s. cl.—Gutzlaff's Three Voyages along the Coast of China, 3rd edit. royal 12mo. 7s. cl.—Ricardi Diviniensis Historia Ricardi Primi, with English Notes, by Stevenson, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Neville's Defence of Paley, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Cherville's First Step to the French, 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. cl.—Our Wild Flowers, by L. A. Twamley, crown 8vo. 21s. morocco.—The Sunbeam, Vol. I. 4to. 15s. cl.—L. E. L.'s Poetical Works, 4 vols. 4s. 2s. cl.—Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, 3 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. CXI. Phillips's Geology, Vol. II. 6s. cl.—Pardoe's Romance of the Harem, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. 6d. bds.—Shelley's Poetical Works, Vol. I. 4s. cl.—Druitt's Surgeon's Vade Mecum, 4s. 8d. cl.—Hades, a Poem, by W. B. Scott, 12mo. 3s. cl.—Crosby's Builder's Price Book, 1839, 4s. swd.—Pembury's Formation of the Mind, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for JANUARY, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,  
By ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1839.	JAN.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			9 o'clock, A.M.			External Thermometers.				Rain in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
		Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest	Highest			
T 1	30.342	30.336	40.9	30.194	30.186	41.9	35	02.2	40.8	45.3	36.2	41.4			S	A.M. Overcast—brisk wind—remainder of the day cloudy—lt. wind.	
W 2	30.050	30.044	43.7	30.058	30.052	44.6	38	03.6	45.4	46.7	40.8	49.3			W	(A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.	
T 3	29.944	29.938	44.7	29.828	29.822	45.6	40	02.1	45.3	47.8	44.2	46.2			SW	(A.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Evening, Overcast—very high wind.	
F 4	29.530	29.524	46.2	29.576	29.568	46.8	41	01.7	42.0	44.7	41.9	47.2		.050	S	A.M. Over—very lt. rain. P.M. Fine & cloudless. Ev. Fine & clear.	
S 5	29.682	29.676	41.9	29.568	29.562	42.7	36	01.9	38.4	41.3	35.6	44.5			S	Fine—lt. clouds & wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine and starlight.	
○ 6	29.718	29.712	39.7	29.518	29.510	39.9	31	02.4	35.7	34.2	34.2	39.0		.027	S	(A.M. Overcast—light wind—rain early. P.M. Overcast—snow and rain. Evening, Heavy rain—high wind.	
M 7	29.072	29.066	43.2	29.092	29.088	43.9	37	03.4	44.4	42.8	35.0	50.3		.227	S	(A.M. Fine—light clouds—very high wind, as also throughout the night. P.M. Hail & rain—light wind. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
T 8	29.538	29.530	40.5	29.546	29.540	40.6	32	03.0	34.7	38.8	34.8	46.3		.047	W	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind. P.M. Dark heavy clouds—brisk wind. Evening, light snow. (Cloudy.	
W 9	29.716	29.712	38.8	29.916	29.908	38.6	31	02.2	34.2	34.8	33.6	39.8			NW	A.M. Fine—lt. clouds & wind—snow early. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. Ev. (Fine—light clouds and wind, with sharp frost throughout the day.	
T 10	30.274	30.268	35.0	30.210	30.202	36.7	30	00.2	32.8	40.8	29.3	35.8			S	(Overcast—light wind throughout the day, with occasional rain, as also the evening.	
F 11	30.150	30.142	40.0	30.066	30.058	41.2	35	02.0	42.4	45.8	32.6	43.2		.027	S	(Overcast—light wind throughout the day, with occasional rain, as also the evening.	
S 12	30.180	30.172	44.3	30.236	30.230	46.2	41	02.2	47.7	46.7	42.0	50.0		.044	NNW	A.M. Overcast—lt. fog—deposition. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. Ev. Cloudy.	
○ 13	30.020	30.014	45.8	29.960	29.956	47.0	41	02.6	49.8	50.0	42.7	50.3			SW var.	(A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—very fine rain. Ev. Fine & starlight night.	
M 14	29.968	29.960	46.6	29.712	29.704	47.2	42	02.1	44.9	44.4	43.2	51.8			SW	Overcast—lt. wind, with occasional rain during the day. Ev. Hail & rain.	
○ T 15	29.818	29.812	43.3	29.788	29.782	43.8	35	02.6	36.6	42.8	36.0	47.7		.127	W	Fine—lt. clds. & wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine—starlight night.	
W 16	29.944	29.940	39.9	29.900	29.894	40.3	32	01.3	35.3	37.7	33.0	43.2			W	(Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day—snow early. (Evening, Fine—starlight night.	
T 17	30.012	30.004	36.9	30.012	30.004	37.3	28	02.1	30.7	37.3	30.6	40.0			NNW	Fine—lt. clds. & wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine—starlight night.	
F 18	30.172	30.164	35.9	30.136	30.128	37.7	29	01.9	29.7	36.7	29.5	38.0			W	(A.M. Light fog & wind—white frost. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. Evening, Fine—starlight night.	
S 19	29.572	29.566	38.6	29.488	29.482	40.8	35	01.9	42.9	43.6	29.7	44.0			SE	(Overcast—light rain, with high wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine—starlight night.	
○ 20	30.008	30.000	38.9	29.986	29.980	41.2	33	02.0	38.6	43.5	35.0	47.8		.177	SW	A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast. Ev. Light rain.	
M 21	29.658	29.652	42.7	29.704	29.700	44.0	38	01.4	48.7	43.3	38.2	49.4		.175	SW	A.M. Overcast—lt. fog & rain. P.M. Heavy rain. Ev. Continued rain.	
T 22	30.090	30.084	40.9	30.204	30.196	41.5	33	01.9	34.7	38.6	33.7	49.2		.333	N	Fine—lt. clouds & wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine—starlight night.	
W 23	30.530	30.524	38.7	30.530	30.522	39.9	33	01.9	36.2	39.7	34.6	37.4			NW	(Cloudy, with brisk wind throughout the day. Evening, Overcast—light wind.	
T 24	30.532	30.526	38.7	30.456	30.448	40.2	32	01.9	36.2	43.4	33.7	40.4			SW	A.M. Overcast—lt. fog. P.M. Fine—lt. clds. & wind. Ev. Cloudy.	
F 25	30.088	30.082	41.4	29.972	29.964	42.9	37	02.1	43.0	45.4	36.2	43.8			W var.	(A.M. Overcast—light fog—brisk wind. P.M. Light rain and wind. Evening, Fine like.	
S 26	30.156	30.150	40.8	30.204	30.196	40.9	32	01.8	35.3	37.2	34.4	47.3			N	A.M. Fine—lt. clds. & wind. P.M. Cloudy—lt. snow. Ev. Lt. snow.	
○ 27	30.340	30.332	36.9	30.262	30.254	37.3	28	02.4	33.3	34.7	31.2	37.5			NE	(A.M. Overcast—light snow—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. Evening, Cloudy—brisk wind.	
M 28	30.006	30.000	35.9	29.844	29.836	37.2	29	01.3	32.7	36.2	31.6	35.6			NW	Over—lt. wind throughout the day. Ev. Snow.	
● T 29	29.548	29.542	36.3	29.366	29.360	37.6	28	02.1	33.2	38.7	31.6	37.3			SW	A.M. Fine—lt. clds. & wind. P.M. Cldy.—lt. wind. Ev. Snow & rain.	
W 30	29.226	29.220	33.7	29.112	29.106	35.2	23	01.5	27.7	31.3	23.7	36.0		.194	SW	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—sharp frost. P.M. Cloudy—snow—sharp frost. Evening, Overcast—snow—high wind.	
T 31	29.150	29.144	32.3	29.284	29.278	33.7	23	00.8	30.5	33.4	25.5	32.3			W	(A.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk wind—high wind throughout the night. P.M. Overcast—light snow. Ev. Heavy fall of snow.	
MEAN.	29.904	29.898	40.1	29.862	29.855	41.1	33.5	02.0	38.2	40.9	34.7	43.3		Sum. 1.428		Mean Barometer corrected ..... ( 9 A.M. 3 P.M. F. 29.977 .. 29.933 C. 29.879 .. 29.825	

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

[We cannot publish the following interesting letters without returning our best thanks to Mr. Auldjo and the private friend who placed them at our disposal. Few persons were so competent as Mr. Le Gros to describe the scene correctly, he having been for many years engaged, with Mr. Auldjo, in minutely examining the mountain, and tracing the course of its various eruptions.]

Resina, January 7th.

My dear Auldjo,—You, who have so highly interested both yourself and others in the annals of Vesuvius, will, I flatter myself, in the midst of false or exaggerated accounts, be glad to receive from me a true report, as far as it goes, if not a very circumstantial and scientific one, of the eruption which has so recently alarmed the natives, and delighted the visitors of Naples. In a former letter I gave you a hasty sketch of the "feu de joie" discharged by the mountain in honour of the birth of a Prince of the two Sicilies; I have now to relate the noisy welcome which the same mountain has given to another distinguished infant—I mean the year 1839. As was the case in the last eruption, Vesuvius had on this occasion also been slightly active for a short time previous to its grand display. Dating from Christmas day, there had been an occasional show of fire and stones from the two mouths\* of the small crater formed in August. These discharges, however, fell within the larger crater, and did not prevent the usual concourse of admiring visitors from ascending the mountain, and watching its proceedings from the summit. On the 31st of December the eruption seemed to acquire some accession of vigour, and I was one of a large party that proceeded on that day to the scene of action. Amongst us was Mr. Stanfield, the artist, who fortu-

\* Within the great cone of Vesuvius, the circumference of which exceeds two miles, there is an uneven surface of lava, and in the centre or nearly in the centre of it, the second or smaller crater, the form of which is generally altered by every eruption.

nately has been here during the whole eruption, and whose pencil will doubtless do all that pencil can towards conveying to those who have not witnessed it, a correct idea of the magnificent spectacle it has afforded.

We reached the summit about an hour before sunset, and considered ourselves lucky in being present during the outbreak of a stream of lava through the side of the smaller cone. This lava spread to some distance within the crater, and, together with continual discharges of stones, gave, as Mr. Stanfield observed (whilst congratulating himself on the fact), an excellent idea in miniature of what a grand eruption might be. But it was necessary to call in the aid of fancy in order to convert the smaller cone into the larger one, and to imagine ourselves looking on the latter from the ridge of the Hermitage,—an imaginary picture then, which has since been much more than realized. We remained on the summit to watch the effect of the fire in the increasing darkness, and in the evening returned to Naples, highly gratified by our excursion, and little anticipating what was to follow.

The mountain remained much in the state in which we had left it during the whole night of the last of the year, and it was not until a little before daybreak on the morning of New Year's day that the first grand explosion took place. This consisted of an immense eruption of stones, which continued in full force for about four hours. It resembled that we remember having seen from St. Iorio on the 1st of April, 1835, inasmuch as it was not accompanied by any flow of lava without the cone; but it was much more considerable than that, or indeed any other outbreak of the sort since the year 1822. Towards noon it subsided a little, though it always continued to maintain a magnificent volume of smoke. The smoke, however, did not form itself into the perfect pine-head, such as we have seen on former occasions, but after reaching a certain height, arched away in the direction of Castellamare, owing to a strong northerly

wind, which, happily for Naples, prevailed during the whole strength of the eruption. At sunset, and for an hour afterwards, (as is so frequently and so unaccountably the case,) the force of the burning fountain visibly increased. Later at night it reverted to about the same state in which it had been during the middle of the day. At daybreak on the 2nd, it again burst forth with the same fury as on the preceding day, and there was now no longer any diminution of grandeur in the upward explosions for at least eight and forty hours. The lava, however, had not as yet begun to flow over the side of the great cone, and we were led to conclude in our wisdom that the rage of the mountain would expend itself without any such phenomenon. We were wrong, however, in our conclusions, for at about half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of that day (the 2nd), notwithstanding the vast quantities of matter which it had already disgorged by means of explosions, the caldron at length boiled over, and six immense streams of lava escaped from its edge. Three of these took the direction of Bosco Reale and the lava of the year 1834, and, consequently, were not visible from Naples. The three others poured over on the side towards the Hermitage, burying the lava of August last, and indeed occupying more than one-fourth of that section of the cone which faces towards Naples. After having rapidly descended the cone, the three currents united at its base, and formed a river of three quarters of a mile in breadth, spreading from the Atrio de Cavalli to the south-eastward, over the old sea or plain of lava. This river subsequently again divided (as I shall hereafter tell you); but the main strength of the torrent flowed upon the bluff point of the hogback of St. Salvatore, on the opposite extremity of which the Hermitage is situated, striking it nearly under the spot where you remember that the wooden cross is erected, and rising so high above the level of the former lava as to destroy, in its course towards the Fosso Grande, sixteen acres of the vineyards which skirt the base of that wooded



and cultivated ridge. Such is the general account of the eruption up to the hour of 4 p.m., on the 2nd of January. But now, by relating my own proceedings, I may perhaps give you a better idea of those of the mountain than I could convey to you in any other manner. I will therefore incur the risk of appearing egotistical in order to be more explicit. As I have already mentioned, I was staying at Naples when the eruption broke out. On the 1st, my host and hostess, as well as myself, were prevented proceeding as we could have wished to do, to the nearer neighbourhood of the mountain, by engagements in the town; but when the lava began to flow on the 2nd, at the risk of breaking other engagements, we started; leaving Naples about four o'clock. On our way we met several carts laden with furniture, and accompanied by frightened and fugitive citizens of the Torre del Greco and Resina. It was already dark when we reached the latter town, and you, who well know what confusion is there to be found even during an ordinary eruption, may conceive that which reigned there on the present occasion. Though some of the inhabitants had been induced to fly, there was no lack of population, and the market-place was actually so thronged by carriages from Naples, that we could not penetrate in our own to the Cicerone's yard. The truth of the saying, that "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," was here made evident; for the strange and grotesque figures that presented themselves to view, though seen so romantically by the lurid light of Vesuvius, and the occasional stronger glare of a torch, would have been fit subjects for the pencil of a Cruikshank; whilst the Babel yells heard through the roaring of the mountain would have challenged the ludicrous and imitative powers of a Mathews. Fortunately, there was but one lady of our party, and, thanks to my being known, I succeeded in obtaining the sole remaining side-saddle in the place, with happily a safe beast under it, and in fighting our way through the crowd. As we left the church of Pugliano, and followed the usual route through the vineyards, the fire and smoke from the main stream of lava had all the appearance of a second volcano on our left. On arriving at the plain of the old lava, we found that all communication with the Hermitage by that approach was entirely cut off. The burning torrent, more than a quarter of a mile in width, had crossed the road immediately under the gorge leading to the ridge of St. Salvatore, and was now (six o'clock) pouring over the abrupt descent into the Fosso Grande. But the flowing lava, as I have before said, had divided. On our right (to the south-eastward), another and a broader, though not so deep a stream as that which fell into the Fosso Grande, was working its way towards the vineyards, on that side of the great thoroughfare, to the mountain; and dreadful, had it arrived at the cultivated ground in that direction, would have been the havoc it would have occasioned. Luckily, however, the obstructions interposed by the old lava there succeeded in impeding the progress of the new; and the great strength of the flood continued to flow down the Fosso Grande, where it found an easier vent, and where, at the same time, its destructive powers were more confined. We scrambled over the promontory left by these two streams, to the point of division; and whilst we maintained our position there for a few minutes, we saw another and a fourth current of liquid fire leave the summit of the cone, and rapidly join its fellows in the plain beneath. During all this time, the explosions from the crater were incessant; and we then calculated (and afterwards found, from observations that had been taken in Naples, that our calculations were correct,) that the immense masses of stones were thrown to a height in the air nearly double that of the mountain from the sea—that is to say, to an altitude of about seven thousand feet. As all further progress towards the Hermitage was of course impossible in that direction, we then returned to the edge of the Fosso Grande, and from beneath the row of evergreen oaks, which, as you remember, overhang the highest point of the precipice to the southward, we looked down upon the flowing lava and its works. It occupied in its course the whole of the pass to the height of many feet, and the strips of cultivated ground were blazing before it as it encountered them. A poet might have imagined that he detected the voice of complaint in the crackling

sound of the ranks of vines, as one by one they bowed to its fury. A Gheber might have hailed the smell of the burning wood which arose from the valley as incense consumed in honour of his God. But the crowd around us were neither poets nor Ghebers; and the absurd remarks and exclamations, in all languages, which assailed our ears, interfered not a little with the effect which the scene before us was calculated to produce. When the moon arose between Somma and Vesuvius, and threw its quiet beams across the lurid light of the volcanic fire, we would have given the world to have been removed from the noisy throng. But it was impossible: the whole line of the Fosso Grande was covered with spectators. Had I been alone, I should have descended into the pass, and, heading the lava, have worked my way by another route to the Hermitage; as it was, — and myself voted it better to accompany his wife to Naples, and then return, either that night or the next morning, to follow our own devices. We reached his house in the Chiaja about ten o'clock, dined, and afterwards went—where think you?—to a ball at the Academia Reale. Variety is charming, and this was indeed a striking contrast. After the ball, we had a long debate, whether we should start immediately, or wait for the morning, or rather, I should say, the dawn. At length, we decided on the former course, and, having equipped ourselves for the purpose, we started, at about half-past three, on foot, to take our chance of finding a conveyance. We were lucky enough to meet with a carratella in the Piazza St. Ferdinando, in which we proceeded without delay to the entrance of the town of Resina. Arrived there, we avoided the market-place, and, threading the bye streets to the back of Pugliano, struck thence into the vineyards, and by paths which, thanks to my roving propensities, are well known to me, made a straight course to the mouth of the Fosso Grande. On our way, we noticed a variety, hitherto unheard by us, in the sounds emitted by the mountain. The novelty appeared to us the voice of thunder; and we soon discovered that it was so, for, as we regained a full view of the lower part of the column of fire, &c. of the crater, which had been for a time hidden from us by the intervening ground, we saw vivid flashes of the lightning produced by the eruption itself playing constantly amidst the sullen fire and the clouds of black smoke. When, by the aid of the bright moonlight, and a little local knowledge, we reached the Fosso Grande, the head of the stream of lava was within three hundred yards of its mouth; but though still moving onwards, its progress was now extremely slow. Here we saw assembled a small group of ten or twelve persons. Unlike the crowds of spectators amongst whom we had found ourselves in the former part of the night, and who, interested by their curiosity alone, had hailed with admiring, if not with joyful exclamations, each fresh explosion of the mountain, and each accession of strength to the lava, these poor people, actual sufferers by its fury, were watching its effects with tears and sobs—bemoaning the mischief already done, and offering up prayers to the Virgin and to St. Gennaro to interfere in their behalf, and arrest its progress. Close to the spot on which we stood, the wall of the roadway leading into the pass had formed a temporary barrier against the lava; and within the enclosure thus defended, the unhappy proprietor of the ground (a poor inhabitant of Resina, whom I recognized, and whose all was menaced with destruction) was engaged in removing from his vines the chestnut-poles which supported them, in order that they at least might be saved from the wreck. He also was murmuring, not imprecations on his bad fortune, but prayers to the tutelary saint. There was true pathos in this scene; and one forgot the absurd superstition of the supplicants, in pity for their losses and their fears. I am happy to say, (having visited the same spot yesterday,) that the poor fellow's vineyard has escaped. The lava proceeded only a few yards beyond the point at which we found it on the morning of the 3rd, and did not break down the wall. I will here add, that as the strips of cultivated ground in the Fosso Grande were, as you know, narrow, only about seven acres in all have been destroyed in that pass. These, I fear, were chiefly possessed by poor people. The sixteen acres which I have before mentioned as having been destroyed under St. Salvatore, belonged to proprietors who could better afford the loss.

But to return from this digression: we had neither time nor inclination to pause long over the scene I have described, our object being to reach the Hermitage before sunrise. This we accomplished by a somewhat tedious walk through the hanging woods, between the Fosso Grande and the Fosso Vetrano. On our way, we met three Frenchmen and their guides, the last lingerers on the heights. The others, whose return to Resina by the usual route had been cut off in the early part of the night by the lava, had already found their way back by divers paths; and we were not sorry to know that we should have the mountain as it were to ourselves. Strange, that the true English feeling of exclusiveness should attend even the enjoyment of such scenes—but so it is. After a hasty breakfast at the Hermitage, we proceeded along the ridge,—the strong north wind which I have already mentioned as prevailing during the eruption, rendering that path practicable by driving the smoke and stones in a contrary direction. It was our purpose—and we succeeded in it—to make the tour of the mountain by the Canale d'Arena at the back of the cone, and to descend upon Bosco Reale and the Torre dell' Annunziata,—but I anticipate matters. —We are as yet only on the ridge, and standing near the wooden cross.—Would that I could describe to you, in language adequate to the subject, the effect from this point of the various and changing lights which accompanied the sunrise!—We paused awhile, and looked back to contrast the quiet scene below us with the tumult raging over our heads, and then we again turned our eyes from the mild moonbeams on the waters of the Bay to the red fiery pyramids of stones, which as they rose assumed the shape of immense gothic pinnacles, and to the forked lightnings playing along the whole magnificent arch of black smoke, which now extended from Vesuvius to Monte St. Angelo. As we did so, the disk of the sun, which had been for some time above the horizon, though not visible to us, was seen slowly rising over the side of the cone, whilst its radii, caused by the lighter smoke from the streams of lava, reached the crown, and formed "a glory" in the centre of the arch. All this, accompanied by the roaring of the mountain and incessant peals of thunder, formed a combination far exceeding anything that my humble imagination has ever dared to conceive of the sublime. The effect was scarcely less imposing when we penetrated into the valley, and by degrees lost sight of every object but the cone itself, with its concomitants and the opposite abrupt precipices of the Monte Somma. We were then almost immediately under the ascending column of smoke, and at each fresh explosion could watch the formation of its domes with their vaulted interiors, despite the fire below them, dark as Erebus, save only when illumined by the vivid lightnings, whilst their exteriors were brilliantly gilded to the eastward by the rays of the morning sun. As we proceeded, we found many fragments of lava, which, from their heat, we discovered must have fallen very recently. We measured one, which, allowing for its irregular shape, would have formed a solid cube of at least five feet, and we paced round the circle (a circumference of twenty-four yards) made in the sand by the fall of another, which was still smoking in the centre. On emerging from the pass, and reaching the eastern side of the mountain, we came upon the largest of the three streams of lava, which, as I before mentioned, had issued forth in that direction almost at the same moment that those already described had poured over the cone towards Naples. This torrent had exactly followed the course of the lava which destroyed the villages in the year 1834. Another stream, which had proceeded from a point on the summit, more to the southward, had united with it some distance beyond the base of the cone, and another still farther on had taken the direction of the Torre dell' Annunziata. We had now the magnificent bridge of smoke fully displayed above our heads. The showers of ashes had fallen and were falling from it in such quantities that they had hidden the early part of the course of the main stream of lava, and caused us at first to doubt whether it had issued through the side of the mountain, like that of 1834, or fallen over the cone. We subsequently found that the latter was the fact. We coasted the last-mentioned river until we arrived to where, like that, we had left in the Fosso Grande, it was making its

last efforts through the former lava. This was at about a mile from the point where the villages were buried. The present current had spread farther eastward than its predecessor, but had done no other damage than destroying some of the dwarf oak wood which, as you know, covers a considerable portion of this side of the mountain. Having passed before this and then headed the other stream, which was already nearly stagnant, we descended the slight declivity towards Bosco Reale. After a luncheon in that little village—a repast which the sharp frosty air of the mountain had rendered highly acceptable—we went on to the Torre dell' Annunziata, passing of course immediately under the arch of smoke and the showers of ashes. About half way between Bosco and the Torre the deposit of ashes began to be considerable: at the burial-place the depth of the cinders was more than a foot—in the Torre itself at least two—anything more deplorable than the appearance of the latter town you can scarcely conceive. The inhabitants were throwing the ashes from the roofs of their houses, to prevent them being broken in by the accumulating weight, and the mounds thus formed on either side of the way barely left room for carriages to pass, even through the main street. Though the particles which fell were smaller than during the earlier part of the eruption, the shower was still descending in great quantities, and the whole scene gave no inadequate idea of the fate of Pompeii. We procured a curriculo, and proceeded as fast as the state of the road (which, beyond the top of the hill, above the town, was thickly strewn) would allow, to my own abode at Resina, where we found that, though, thanks to the direction of the wind, they had not been sufferers, the good people of my house had been well frightened, and had made preparations for a start. We stayed some little time to comfort poor old Antonello, and then at length returned to Naples, which we reached about 5 o'clock, p.m., having made, as I think you will allow, a most satisfactory tour. I have little to add to my account of the eruption beyond what we thus had ourselves witnessed. There was no farther flow of lava, but as I have before stated, the upward explosions of the mountain continued in full force until the morning of the 4th. On that day there was less fire, though almost as much smoke and ashes as before. On the 5th and 6th the force of these also diminished, and from that time up to yesterday, when all again was quiet, and the late fiery Vesuvius covered with snow, the eruption gradually died away. The form of the exterior of the cone is but little changed—within it the discharges of stones have filled up the crater towards the south, and in the centre of the latter there remains one large mouth, whence all this fury has proceeded. The damage I have mentioned as having been done on the side towards Naples is the only serious evil that has resulted from this splendid spectacle, unless, indeed, the labour which will be required to clear the ground (on the other side) of the ashes may be reckoned as such. Even in Vico and on the ridge of the promontory the cinders fell to the depth of a foot, but the inhabitants of Castellamare and of the Torre dell' Annunziata have been the chief sufferers in this respect. I walked over the lava under the Hermitage yesterday, and purpose ascending the cone to-morrow, to obtain specimens of the new deposits, which I will forward to you by the first opportunity. I have already desired Tommaso (poor Salvatore's successor as Cicerone) to secure me a good collection in case I should be unsuccessful in procuring them myself. Any further particulars of the eruption that may come to my knowledge I will communicate in my next letter. You must be well tired of the subject, in this even, if you have had patience to wade through it in one reading: at your leisure I hope it may afford you some amusement.

Yours, &c.

W. B. Le Gros,

Naples, 5 Jan.

I write to you in presence of an Eruption of Vesuvius, with the sight of which our hopes have been or some time fed. They are at length realized; for on the morning of New Year's day our fiery neighbour commenced in earnest to send forth awful olumes of black smoke, by which we were favoured with a knowledge of his proceedings, for a light wind from the S.W. blowing in this direction, soon covered

the pavements with fine cinders. The eruption continued till the evening of the 2nd, the column of smoke gradually becoming more grey in colour by daylight; but when the sun set, the scene was truly sublime and magnificent. The glowing furnace within curled its flames far above the summit of the mountain, and the rushing red-hot smoke shot upwards to an immense height, scattering abroad, as it spread and unfolded itself, immense quantities of glowing cinders and heated stones, which however generally, and fortunately, fell in or around the crater itself. A new crater appeared on this side, and the lava poured out and descended the hill in a stream of fire, enveloped in a white smoke, while the great columns of vapour from the summit were of all tints, from nearly black to light grey, reflecting from their edges the fire below, and spreading that peculiar tint which attends great conflagrations, but can hardly be transferred to canvas. On the evening of the 3rd, the smoke continued to rise, but the fire seemed relieved by the issue of lava, &c. Of course all the folks here who could scramble, were desirous of a nearer view, and numbers numberless proceeded to the mountain; and you will not, perhaps, be surprised to hear, that weak as I still am, though better for the gentle breezes of the sweet South, your humble servant was among the number, with his servant, on a mule and a ditto, climbing the mountain to get a scorch at the lava before it cooled. I was, as you may suppose, highly gratified with the visit; the rumbling of the mountain, and the rushing noise of the huge columns of smoke shot into the upper regions, adding by a sort of vague idea of unknown consequence to the sublime effect of the scene. We burnt our fingers and roasted our faces as desired. The eruption is considered to be gradually subsiding, and though the mischief done is not to be compared in extent to the eruption in 1834, it has been, it is said, much finer as a spectacle, and certainly so as seen from Naples; inasmuch as the lava then flowed on the opposite side of the mountain, invisible from hence. This is compared to the eruption of 1822. The destruction of a few vineyards is, however, all that has now happened. The road along the margin of the bay, between this and Pompeii, is covered eighteen inches deep with ashes, as the change of wind after the first day took them sea-ward.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We take leave to direct the special attention of our readers to the report of the proceedings of the Royal Society on Thursday. From the abstract of the paper read on that evening, it appears that the highly curious invention of M. Daguerre, described in the letter of our Paris correspondent, is almost identical with a discovery made five years ago by Mr. Fox Talbot, and which he has been ever since engaged in perfecting. Of the latter and its results, we can speak from observation; and assuredly, when we consider the means employed, and the limited time—the *moment of time*, which is often sufficient—the effects produced are perfectly magical. The most fleeting of all things—a shadow, is fixed, and made permanent; and the minute truth of many of the objects, the exquisite delicacy of the pencilling, if we may be allowed the phrase, can only be discovered by a magnifying glass. Mr. Talbot proposes for this new art the name of Photogenic Drawing. It enables a person, however ignorant of the art of drawing, to obtain faithful representations of objects, and does not even require his presence; so that these pictures may be executed while the operator is himself engaged about other things. One obvious difference, as it appears to us, between the process of M. Daguerre and that of Mr. Talbot, is, that the former employs metal plates, whereas the latter uses prepared paper. There can be no question as to the superior advantages of the latter; for it would be most inconvenient, if not wholly impracticable, for the traveller to carry about with him several hundred metal plates. At the same time we must admit, that, if our Paris correspondent be correctly informed, a greater difference than is apparent must exist: for Mr. Fox Talbot cannot, we believe, by his process, take views by moonlight, which our correspondent asserts that M. Daguerre has done. However, we hope shortly to be better informed on this subject, which we consider of such importance, that though our

abstract of Mr. Talbot's paper may serve to apprise the Continental philosophers of the fact of the simultaneous discovery, we hope to be enabled next week to publish it entire.

A curious and interesting sepulchral monument has lately been discovered at Rome. The ancient aqueducts at the Porta Maggiore, bearing on their lofty entablature the three inscriptions, will be familiar to the recollection of all persons who have visited the antiquities of Rome.—(The reader will find a description of these majestic arches, and the subsequent rude works of Honorius placed against them, in Burgess's 'Topography and Antiquities of Rome,' vol. ii. p. 311, 312, and 329.) Two of the arches of the Claudian aqueduct served for two gates of the city, respectively conducting to the roads which led to Preneste and Labicum. Stilicho, the general of the Emperor Honorius, placed some cumbrous walls against those arches. In an attempt to clear and repair some of these walls last September, the workmen discovered a portion of a bas-relief, which finally led to the demolition of the tower on the right in going out of the city gate. The tower was found to enclose a remarkable monument, as singular for its construction as for the subjects it represents; it was found in very good preservation. In clearing away the surrounding walls, the next discovery, after the bas-relief, was a slab of marble, on which were two recumbent statues, rather larger than the life, male and female; close by them was the following inscription:—

EVIT ATISTIA VXOR MIHEI  
FEMINA OPTVMA VEINIST  
QVOIVS CORPORS RELIQUIAE  
QVOD SVPERANT SVNT IN  
HOC PANARIO.

The form of the monument is that of a machine which was used by the Romans for enclosing the newly-baked bread, and which was perforated with holes or tubes to let out the steam. These are curiously imitated in the construction of the tomb. The bas-relief represents the whole process of making bread; it runs all round the top, and is supported at the angles by pilasters, the capitals of which are neatly ornamented. These descend half way down, and repose upon a broad square plinth, on which is the following inscription on one side:—

EST HOC MONIMENTVM MARCI  
VERGILII EVRYSAC—

On the other side the three first words are wanting as far as the M in monimentum, and the name of Marcus Vergilius Eurysax is written with some little difference in the paleography. The cognomen of EVRYSACIS, however, is complete, and then follow these three words, PISTORIS, REDEMPTORIS APPARET. On the sides, along the upper part, are placed horizontally, in rows of three, nine hollow stone cylinders, and in the lower part (beneath, the inscription Est Hoc, &c.), two columnar masses are placed perpendicularly, separated by a square block. The "Panarium" was also found, and is carved in the form of a circular wicker basket. It is observable, that the southern side of this monument, which probably stood within the property of Vergilius Eurysax, is formed of fine Travertine stone, while the sides exposed to the public roads are of Tufo. The whole of this sepulchral monument was completely enveloped in the comparatively modern wall built against the aqueduct. It is proposed to clear away the obstructing walls, and to lay open the tomb and the Porta Labicana to public view. The two statues have been conveyed to the Vatican Museum. The materials of which this tomb is built, and the paleography of the inscription, appear to show that it is a monument of the republic. It is not improbable, that the Travertine stone may have been added at a more recent period: the words QVOIVS, MIHEI, and OPTVMA, may be compared with the inscription on the sarcophagus of L. Scipio Barbatus, where we have QVOIVS FORMA VIRTVTIV PARIVSMA. RELIQUIAE QVOD is also very ancient.

At length Mr. Colburn has broken silence, and favoured us with his announcement of works in the press. There is an abundance of pleasant promise, as our readers will see, when we state that the list contains The Life of Petrarch, by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—Diary of the Rev. J. Ward, A.M. Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, extending from 1648 to 1678, from the original manuscript preserved in the

Library of Charles Sc James Ve William I bury, from by G. Jam consort of in the po of William documents First Earl Crofton Cr the Third, sonage—M consort of authentic illustrative Reigns of 1640, now Esq.—Me Author of respondent from Ame man—Th the Count by Henry Master, by War, by terior of Policy of burgh, &c but too la Land, &c (some int kau, while Nos. 514 land, by illustration Her Maj gle's Cire madame Extracts Adventu Late Wa trical Cot Stage, by Norway, Esq.—M French h the auth we may Smith, M T. C. G Mrs. Tro in a mon strong, t The F year sta eternal agreed t at the b Catholic the day The P Hildebr exclusiv full of machine not the present possibili against von Vi over th his que age, and This is men, w been fa true, as but th more tious build



Library of the Medical Society of London, edited by Charles Severn, M.D.—Private Correspondence of James Vernon, Esq., Secretary of State to King William III., with Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, from 1696 to 1708, edited from the originals by G. James, Esq.—Memoirs of Queen Henrietta, consort of Charles I., from the original manuscript in the possession of the editor.—The Life and Times of William Shakespeare, from original and authentic documents.—Memoirs of the Life of Robert Boyle, First Earl of Orrery, and Baron Broghill, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.—Diary of the Times of George the Third, published by permission of a noble personage.—Memoirs of the Life of Queen Caroline, consort of George II., with numerous curious and authentic documents.—Historical Correspondence illustrative of and forming a complete History of the Reigns of James I. and Charles I., from 1603 to 1640, now first published from the originals.—David Garrick, and his Contemporaries, by Theodore Hook, Esq.—Memoirs of the Life of M. G. Lewis, Esq., Author of 'The Monk,' with selections from his correspondence and unpublished writings.—A Voice from America to England, by an American Gentleman.—The Idler in Italy, a Journal of Travels, by the Countess of Blessington.—Political Portraits, by Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq.—Woman and her Master, by Lady Morgan.—Recollections of the Late War, by Sir Robert Steele.—Excursions in the Interior of Russia, with Sketches of the Character and Policy of the Emperor Nicholas, Scenes in St. Petersburg, &c., (we have received a copy of this work, but too late for review.)—Travels in Egypt, the Holy Land, &c. in 1837, by Prince Pückler Muskau, (some interesting letters from Prince Pückler Muskau, while on this tour, appeared in the *Athenæum*, Nos. 514–15, 527–9.)—The Popular Songs of Ireland, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq., with notes and illustrations.—Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of Her Majesty's ships Adventure and Beagle on the Southern Shores of South America, and of the Beagle's Circumnavigation of the Globe.—Memoirs of Madame Malibran, by the Countess de Merlin, with Extracts from her Private Correspondence.—Personal Adventures of Captain D. O'Brien, R.N. during the Late War, written by himself.—Talma and his Theatrical Contemporaries.—Reminiscences of the English Stage, by J. Winston, Esq.—Travels in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, in 1837, by Robert Bremner, Esq.—Memoirs of Fleury, with Anecdotes of the French Stage.—and The American in England, by the author of 'The American in Paris.' To these we may add novels by Marryat, D'Israeli, Horace Smith, Miss Pardoe, Douglas Jerrold, Lady C. Bury, T. C. Grattan, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Miller, &c. Finally, Mrs. Trollope is about to enter the lists with 'Boz,' in a monthly illustrated publication.—Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy.

The *Foreign Quarterly* for the opening of the new year starts with a high protestant paper on the eternal Archbishop of Cologne. All parties seem agreed to omit the one philosophic truth, which lies at the bottom of the whole dispute, namely, that the Catholic church is fighting with bows and arrows, in the days of rifle-shooting and Congreve rockets. The Pope, we dare say, is as much a Pope as Hildebrand himself, in spirit and intention; and exclusive bodies, clerical and lay, are doubtless as full of the lust for exclusion as ever; but the old machinery is worn out, and the present men have not the wit to invent a new one adapted to the present times,—if such there be in the world of possibilities. Besides, it is no longer Priestcraft against Kingcraft. Whatever Monseigneur Droste von Vischering, Baron and Archbishop, has gained over the King of Prussia, the King has forfeited in his quality of despot; and he has only to take his people along with him, by adopting the spirit of the age, and he will render the Court of Rome harmless. This is still more strictly true of England and Englishmen, where political prelatry and popery have long been fairly pitted against each other. We are, it is true, as much as ever acting—

As if religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended:

but the subjugation of mind is rendered more and more impossible, by the very existence of this disputatious temperament. When the Catholics, then, build ostentatious churches and "talk big," it moves

us not a whit; and we grieve for the disturbance of equanimity which it engenders in many of our honest well-meaning neighbours. We pass, therefore, to the second article, placed there, as it were, for the purpose of an antithesis, on the Female Ghost-seer of Prevost, by J. Kerner. This is a volume of German magnetic mysticism; valuable as showing to what excess of folly, not to say insanity, an indulgence of imagination at the expense of reason may lead. Herr Kerner transcends the Elliotsons and the Mayos of England as much as the Germans transcend all other nations of dreamers. We English are no bad hands at taking up a second-hand absurdity, and believing things because they are impossible—but we have nothing to equal this. Whoever desires a hearty laugh, here is his mark. The papers on Schiller's flight from Stuttgart, on Paris in the Fourteenth Century, and on Chinese Courtship, afford glances of interesting works. That on Müller's 'Eumenides' is "a dab of Greek" for the Cambridge Grecians. Those on the dispatches of La Mothe Fénelon (see *Athen.* Nos. 567, 568), and on the Arabs in Italy, may be referred to the head of historical literature: those on Reform in Italy, the South American Blockade, and French Colonial Duties, being political. There is a paper on 'Music abroad and at home,' which is a miserable commencement of a promised series, destined, we are told, to form a new feature in the physiognomy of the journal.

To our musical rumours of last week, we may add that the almost immediate opening of the Opera has been talked of; the singers before Easter to be Signor F. Lablache, Signor Tati (of whom we earnestly hoped we had taken our last leave), and a *prima donna* described as tolerable; the first opera, Donizetti's 'Belisario.' In default of Madlle. Garcia, who, it is now all but certain, will not visit England this year, Madame Stockhausen is coming once again—to ourselves a most welcome visitor. Moscheles is about to give three *Matinées* of pianoforte music; and Henselt, the wonder of wonders on that instrument, whose compositions, too, are attractive from their subjects, no less than the amazing brilliancy of their executive colouring, is promised as likely to visit England before Midsummer. The *Musical World* tells us, that the proceedings of the Committee for erecting a Monument to Mozart, have been suspended, owing to some propositions made by Mme. Nyssen, his widow. That lady desires, in place of a tribute to her departed husband, a provision for her son; and that he should be appointed head of a Conservatori at Salzburg, to be founded by aid of the sum collected. The Committee have resolved to take no further steps in the matter during Mme. Nyssen's life.

The papers announce the recent death of Sir William Beechey,—perhaps the oldest of contemporary artists.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, will be OPENED on MONDAY NEXT, the 4th instant, and continue Open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IS NOW EXHIBITED at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, by brilliant Artificial Light. Constantly illuminated from Two o'clock in the afternoon, and throughout the day in dark or unfavourable weather.—Open from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.—Admission 1s. each.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 31.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq., V.P. and Treas., in the chair.

John Wesley Williams, Esq. and James Yates, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society. Clement Tredway Swanston, Esq. was proposed as a candidate for election.

The paper read was entitled 'Some account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing,' &c., by H. F. Talbot, Esq.

In this communication, the author states, that during the last four or five years he has invented and brought to a considerable degree of perfection a process for copying the forms of natural objects by means of solar light, which is received upon paper previously prepared in a particular manner. He observes, that a prior attempt of this kind is recorded in the Journal of the Royal Institution for 1802; by which it appears, that the idea was originally suggested by

Mr. Wedgwood, and afterwards experimented on by Sir Humphry Davy. These philosophers found, that their principle, though theoretically true, yet failed in practice, on account of certain difficulties, the two principal of which were—first, that the paper could not be rendered sufficiently sensible to receive any impression whatever from the feeble light of a camera obscura; and secondly, that the pictures which were formed by the solar rays could not be preserved, owing to their still continuing to be acted upon by the light. The author states, that his experiments were begun without his being aware of this prior attempt; and that in the course of them he discovered methods of overcoming the two difficulties above related. With respect to the latter, he says, that he has found it possible, by a subsequent process, so to fix the images or shadows formed by the solar rays, that they become insensible to light, and consequently, admit of being preserved during any length of time: as an example of which he mentions, that he has exposed some of his pictures to the sunshine for the space of an hour without injury. With respect to the other point, he states, that he has succeeded in discovering a method of preparing the paper, which renders it much more sensitive to light than any which had been used previously, and by means of which he finds that there is no difficulty in fixing the pictures given by the camera obscura and by the solar microscope. He states, that in the summer of 1835 he made a great number of portraits of a house in the country, of ancient architecture, several of which he exhibited to the Society. After some speculations on the possibility of discovering a yet more sensitive paper, the author mentions, that the kind employed by him may be rendered so much so, as to become visibly affected by the full light of the sun in the space of half a second. The rest of this paper contains an account of various other ways in which this method may be employed in practice, according to the kind of object which it is required to copy; also, a brief mention of the great variety of effects resulting from comparatively small differences in the mode of preparing the paper; and of certain anomalies which occur in the process, the cause of which has not hitherto been rendered distinctly manifest. In conclusion, the author designates this as "a new process, which he offers to the lovers of science and nature."

#### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 28.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair.

Don Eduardo Carrasco, Captain in the Spanish Navy, and Hydrographer at Lima, was elected a Foreign Corresponding Member.—Extracts from the following papers were read:—

1. 'A letter from J. B. Pentland, Esq., H. M. Consul at Bolivia, dated La Paz, 20th July 1838; communicated by Sir Woodbine Parish.'

"In a few days I start for an exploratory tour along the eastern shores of the lake Titicaca, having already examined the opposite side; on my return to La Paz, I shall proceed to Cochabamba *et* Yungas. I have obtained from General Santa Cruz a promise to employ a young Englishman who has resided some years in Bolivia and Peru in the exploration of the course of the Apurimac and other rivers descending from the Eastern Cordillera to the Amazons; this young man has health, zeal, and courage, a fair knowledge of the use of mathematical instruments, and draws well: my plan for him is, first to explore the course of the Apurimac to its junction, and then to descend the Purus to where it joins the Amazons; he will probably start from near Abancay, follow the Apurimac, then continue along the great watercourse into which the former empties itself, as far as Surayacu, where Smyth's exploration began, and subsequently embark on the Purus or its upper affluents. I have recently discovered the bones of the Mastodon near the lake of Titicaca at a height of 13,000 feet; and fossil shells in the Nevado de Antakana [?], in lat. 16° 21' at an elevation of 17,800 above the sea. In November I hope to visit the Cordillera of Carangas [?] remarkable for its active volcanoes; and on my return to Europe to give you at the Geographical Society a good account of this part of the world."

2. 'Notes on a March from Zohab, at the foot of Zagros, along the mountains to Khuzistan (Susiana), and from thence through the province of Luristan to

Kirmánsháh, in the year 1836,' by Major Rawlinson, of the Bombay Army, serving in Persia. Communicated by Viscount Palmerston.

Quitting Zoháb, which lies about 100 miles N.E. of Baghdád, Major Rawlinson travelled in a S.E. direction along the foot of the Zagros mountains, through Gilán, Zarnah, the plains of Chardawar, Sirwan, Seimarráh, Dizful, the ruins of Susa, Shuster, to Mangasht on the river Jerahi in Khuzistán: returning thence to Dizful, he continued to the northward to Khorremábád, Bisitún, and Kirmánsháh; thus making a journey of about 600 miles, some of it through an almost unexplored country, in the course of which Major Rawlinson visited the ruins of several ancient sites, copied numerous inscriptions, and otherwise carefully investigated the comparative geography of Susiana, respecting which, for want of accurate topographical detail, there is great confusion, in even our best maps. The pashálik of Zoháb is a district of considerable extent, lying at the foot of the ancient Zagros. It is bounded on the N.W. by the course of the river Diyálah, on the E. by the mountains, and on the S. by the stream of Holwán. It formed one of the ten pasháliks dependent upon Baghdád, until about thirty years ago, when Mohammed 'Alí Mirzá, prince of Kirmánsháh, annexed it to the crown of Persia. The town of Zoháb was built about a hundred years ago by a Turkish pashá, and the government continued to be hereditary in his family till the conquest of the pashálik by the Persians. The capital was surrounded by a mud wall, and may have at first contained about 1000 houses. From its frontier position, however, it has been exposed to constant spoliation in the wars between Turkey and Persia, and is now a mass of ruins, possessing scarcely 200 inhabited houses. There are about twenty families of Jews here, and the remainder are Kurds of the Sumi sect. At the northern extremity of the district of Zoháb is the little plain of Semírá, a natural fastness of most extraordinary strength, which is formed by a range of lofty and precipitous mountains, extending in a semicircle from the river Diyálah, here called the A'bi-Shirwán, and enclosing an area of about eight miles in length, and four in breadth. The A'bi-Shirwán is only fordable in this part of its course for a few months in the year; and the passes of the mountain-barrier of Semírá may be defended by a handful of men against any numbers that can be brought against them. The name of Semírá could not fail to call to my recollection the Assyrian queen, Semiramis, whom the ancients believed to have adorned Persia with many works of art. I therefore searched eagerly for ancient monuments; and though I failed to discover any in the plain itself, yet across the river, at the distance of about three farsakhs, on the road to Suleimáníyeh, I heard of sculptures and statues which would well merit the attention of any future travellers in this country. The place is called Páí K'ul'ah, the foot of the castle, or But Khánah, the idol temple. From the hills above Semírá, the plain of Shahrí-zár, with its numerous villages, is distinctly visible, and on a clear day the town of Suleimáníyeh may be seen bearing N.W., at the distance of about fifty miles. The western boundary of Semírá is formed by a prolongation of the chain called Kará-tágh, through which the river forces its way by a narrow and precipitous cleft; to the south of the river the mountains rise up most abruptly and to a very considerable elevation, probably about 5,000 feet above the plain, and from hence the range stretches in a succession of rocky heights for about fifty miles in a southerly direction, till it is lost in the sand-hills to the west of Zoháb. These heights compose detached hill-forts of great strength. Immediately overhanging the town of Zoháb to the east is the fortress of Bân Zardah, or, as it is sometimes called, Kalahí-Yezdjird. This is the stronghold of Holwán, to which Yezdjird, the last of the Sasanian kings, retreated after the capture of Ctesiphon by the Arabs, and it is a noble specimen of the labour which the monarchs of those ages bestowed upon their royal buildings. It is formed by a shoulder projecting westward from the mountain of Dáláhú, girt upon three sides by an inaccessible scarp, and defended upon the other, where alone it admits of attack, by a wall and dry ditch of colossal dimensions, drawn right across from one scarp to the other, a distance of above two miles: the wall is now

in ruins, and the debris have fallen down into the ditch at its foot, but it still presents a line of defence of no ordinary description. The wall is flanked by bastions at regular intervals, and, if an estimate may be formed from a part of it, which still preserves something of its original character, it would seem to have been about fifty feet in height and twenty in thickness; the edge of the scarp has also been faced all round with a wall of less dimensions. The hill itself is elevated very considerably above the plain of Zoháb, perhaps 2000 feet: the slope from the plain is most abrupt, and it is everywhere crowned by a scarp varying from 300 to 500 feet: the northern side of the hill is higher than the southern, and the table-land therefore of the fort, containing about ten square miles, presents an inclined surface throughout. At the N.E. angle, where the scarp rises in a rocky ridge to its highest point, and joins the mountain of Dáláhú, there is a pass which conducts into the fort, the ascent rising gradually along the shoulder; the whole way from the town of Zoháb is easy enough, but the descent on the other side into the table-land of the fort is by a most precipitous and difficult gorge. Gilán has been laid down by Major Rennell, as the representative of the Boorian colony of Celona, and has been adopted as such without farther discussion, in all subsequent maps; but this I believe to be incorrect; for the march of Alexander on Ecbatana, which suggested the verification, should be drawn from Susa instead of from Opis, as Major Rennell supposed; and it will be found upon this line that Celona was much too near to Susa to coincide with the position of Gilán. Neither does the route across Mount Zagros by Gilán appear ever to have been generally followed. The passes between Gilán and Hárún-ábád are very difficult; and the intervening country is most indifferently furnished with supplies; so that, had the march of Alexander commenced from Opis, he would certainly have followed the high-road by the gates of Zagros rather than this difficult and barren track. At Zarnah are found the ruins of a large city. There is a tapah, which I conceive to mark the site of the citadel, little inferior in size to the one at Gilán; and the foundations of buildings, now nearly levelled with the surface of the ground, extend over a space of perhaps five miles in circumference. The series of valleys which extend along the great chain of Zagros to the confines of Susiana, and are divided by a line of parallel ridges from the plains of Assyria, form one of the least known, and, at the same time, one of the most interesting countries of the East. Here was the original seat of the Elamites, when they migrated from Babylon; and from hence they spread their conquests over Susiana, and the adjoining districts to the eastward, which thus assumed the title of Elymais. The Elymaeans are distinctly specified by Strabo, in numerous passages, as inhabiting along Mount Zagros, on the southern confines of Media, and overhanging Babylonia and Susiana. The most ancient name of the country appears to have been the plain of Arioch, from whence the king of the Elymaeans came to the assistance of the Assyrian monarch at Nineveh. His capital I believe to have been the very city of Zarnah, the ruins of which I have just described; for I have discovered, that as late as the thirteenth century of Christ it actually retained the name of Ariyáhan. I also suspect that this same place represents the Hara of the captivity, which must certainly be looked for in the vicinity; and further, there can be no doubt that it is likewise identical with the Arian of Benjamin of Tudela, where he states himself to have found 20,000 families of Jews.

Mr. Ellis exhibited a newly-drawn map of the world, as known to the ancients, and gave some account of the authorities he had consulted in its compilation. He noticed, among other points, that the positions of *Nelegnda*, *Mundiria*, and *Barace*, have been mistaken, and that he has little doubt but that they will be found to correspond respectively with the modern sites of Anlapoly, Yellarapuly, and Cochín, on the western coast of Hindóstan. With regard to Meroe, it is highly probable that Strabo designates the position north of Shendy as *Meroe*, from the circumstance of its being the capital city at the time in which he wrote; and Ptolemy has fixed upon Meraweh as that of his later time. The distances in Asia, as given by Strabo from Eratosthenes, are almost minutely correct, and the distances

between Meraweh and the stations on the Nile round the bend northwards, till we reach the junction of the Nile and Tacazze, are the same as those laid down by Ptolemy, with erroneous latitude and longitude.

Among the donations was a copy of the *Relation des Mongols ou Tartares*, by Frà Giovanni del Pian di Carpiní, the first complete edition, published from the MSS. of Leyden, Paris, and London, preceded by an introductory notice of all former travels in Tartary, by M. D'Arvezac, and presented to the Society by the author.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 23.—A paper was read on the "Maiz des Meses," or Cariaco or Amapa of South America, with remarks by Dr. Hancock on its dietetic and medicinal properties. Dr. Hancock stated that this species of Indian corn or maize is unknown in Europe, and even in North America, although it is a vegetable well deserving attention and culture. It yields ripe fruit in two months from the period of its being committed to the earth, and this in the elevated plains of Merido and cold regions of the Pampas, as in the sultry country of the Oronoko and Caracas. He considers it very nutritious and wholesome food, and observes that it is much eaten by the natives. It is uncertain whether it is a distinct species of corn, or only one of the varieties of the Indian corn. It produces about an equal quantity of grain, from fifty to sixty bushels per acre, but is more diminutive and slender than the Indian corn generally. The Indians of Venezuela were acquainted with it by the appellations of the "Amapa" or "Cariaco," and the Creoles and Spaniards by that of the "Maiz cariaqueto" or "de ses meses," and of "Pan de provision." Dr. Hancock considers that its growth in this country might be ensured during the months of June, July, and August, as the temperature of our climate is always then many degrees warmer than the regions of the Pampas, and as it grows and ripens so rapidly, that it would serve well to sow in case of failure of our ordinary crops, particularly as it has the additional recommendation of not impoverishing the soil like other plants, as many as three or four crops being obtained in a year, in a country where, from the indolence of its inhabitants, the tillage is almost wholly neglected.

(As an explanation why we do not more frequently report the proceedings of this society, we may observe, that the quackery is upon occasions so obvious, that we should fear to draw down on ourselves the censure of the Stamp-office, for attempting to evade the duty payable on advertisements.)

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society .....	Two, P.M.
	(Society of British Architects .....	Eight.
MON.	Entomological Society .....	Eight.
	(Horticultural Society .....	Two.
TUES.	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Eight.
	Linnean Society .....	Two.
	Geological Society .....	p. Eight.
WED.	Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione .....	Eight.
	Society of Arts .....	p. Seven.
	Royal Society .....	p. Eight.
THUR.	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
	Zoological Society .....	Three.
FRI.	Astronomical Society (Anniv.) .....	Eight.
	Royal Institution .....	p. Eight.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE DAUGHTER OF THE DANUBE; with NOW OR NEVER; and THE PANTOMIME. On Monday, GUILLAUME TELL; and THE PANTOMIME. Tuesday, THE MAID OF ARTOIS; with THE LIONS; and THE SPIRIT OF AIR.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, THE TEMPEST; and THE PANTOMIME. On Monday, KING LEAR; and THE PANTOMIME. Tuesday, THE TEMPEST; and THE PANTOMIME. Wednesday, THE LADY OF LYONS; and THE PANTOMIME. Thursday, THE TEMPEST; and THE PANTOMIME.

##### QUARTETT CONCERTS.—FOURTH SEASON.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. MESSRS. BLAGROVE, GATTIE, DANDY, and LUCAS, beg to inform the Public, that the QUARTETT CONCERTS of the present season will take place on the following THURSDAY EVENINGS, Feb. 7, 21, March 7, 21, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock precisely. The Selection on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT will include Onslow's Pianoforte Duet in F minor, which will be performed by the Misses Broadhurst, their first appearance at these Concerts. The Vocal Music on that Evening will be performed by Miss Masson, and Mr. Balfe, accompanied on the Pianoforte by Sir G. Smart. Miss Birch, Miss Windham, and other Eminent Performers, will assist at the succeeding Concerts. Subscription Tickets for the Series One Guinea each, and Single Tickets 7s. each, or Four for a Guinea to Subscribers, may be procured of the Conductors; and of Messrs. Gramer & Co., Regent-street; Messrs. Chappell & Co., Bond-street; and Messrs. Collards, Cheapside.

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## MORI AND LINDLEY'S QUARTETT CONCERTS.—

The *Vocal Concerts* being extinct, and the *British Musicians* as weary of our criticism as we are hopeless of their improvement, the first of these Quartett meetings opens our concert-chronicle for the season. The selection, as a whole, was good: in the *Nonetto* by Spohr—one of the most indefeasibly *Spohr-ish* pieces which could be fixed upon—the five wind instrument players distinguished themselves most successfully: four of them subsequently assisted Mrs. Anderson in Mozart's Quintett, which went correctly; the poetry of grace, and calmness and delicacy of expression, being totally wanting to the performance. The great instrumental feature of the evening was Beethoven's posthumous Quintett in *B flat*. No familiarity, we fear, could clear up the strange, and, in places, aimless, confusion of the first movement; but the *scherzo* is charming—the *adagio* (called a *carolina*, and almost vocal in its expression)—only too short—the German dance, most graceful in its motion—and the *finale*, the very perfection of quaint playfulness. These four movements, too, are as clear to our apprehension as the overture to 'Prometheus.' The quartett was not well played—there was too much scraping by way of freedom in the bold passages, too little of that intimate blending of tone in the phrases of melody, essential to the due effect of the work. Some score more of performances are required to bring the players into its true style: we are thankful, however, for any opportunity of studying compositions so closely canvassed, and so interesting as the last works of Beethoven. The singers were Miss Birch, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Stretton. The lady has much improved; her voice is delightful; but there are many defects in her delivery calling for amendment. She was *enored* in Schubert's Serenade: her version, however, of that charming melody is not the real one—German music bearing ill those changes of time and passion which give a novelty to hackneyed Italian airs, and introduce (no matter how heterogeneously) *tours de force* into the simple English ballad.

Since last season, the decorations of the Hanover Square Rooms have been cleaned and partially renewed: a new allegorical device has been plastered on the centre of the roof, in the most rampant style of the sign of a country inn—and the walls have been painted pea-green. The effect, as may be guessed, is patchy and mean.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Grandes Etudes Artistiques pour le Piano-forte*, composée par Henri Bertini, Op. 122.—The number affixed to the work before us proclaims its author to be a practised and experienced writer. Of this we were aware; as, also, of many attractions possessed by his music. It may, notwithstanding, be doubted whether more than twenty out of Bertini's hundred and twenty-two works are known in London—whether even ten have reached the provinces. Perhaps this circumscribed reputation may be explained on the same grounds as the partial or cold reception of certain French operas in England. Bertini's music, like that of Spontini, Meyerbeer, and Chelard, belongs to the eclectic school: we find in it the marked rhythm and the easy *tournaire* of Italian melody without its natural sweetness—the variety of German harmony without that solidity of idea and plan, to the adequate development and completion of which rich and abstruse harmonic changes are not only becoming, but even essential. To prove our remarks, we have but to turn to the work before us; and here we shall perceive, that while the progressive modulations are anything but flimsy or superficial, a *librettist* might contrive rhythms—a dancer, even, a new step to the measures of many of the studies. They may, then, be more pleasing, because more accessible to the many, than severer or deeper works: and it should be added that the fingers are sufficiently exercised, without being strained to attempt the impossibilities which Henselt and Chopin, in their recent studies, impose upon the amateur as well as the concert-player; but, from their transparency, not to say familiarity, of form, they rank, as artistic studies, far behind the exercises of those writers.

*Musical Classics*.—Glees: a Selection of Forty-four Compositions, 2 parts.—The Madrigalian Feast: a Collection of Twenty Madrigals.—The Twelve Canzonets of Haydn, &c.—These reprints from Mr.

Knight's Musical Library, by their cheapness and consequent circulation, ought to contribute largely to diffuse a sound taste throughout this country. Our hopes of their usefulness, however, rest upon the 'Madrigals' and 'Canzonets,' rather than the Glees; for, with respect to the latter class of compositions, we hold certain heretical opinions. Generally speaking, it appears to us that, as regards the fitness of sound to sense, excellence of composition and effectiveness, 'the genuine English glee' is but a madrigal diluted—absolved from the restraints of science, and depreciated by an infusion of rhythmical melody without purpose. In many glees of great popularity, we are repelled by changes of time totally uncalled for by the words, and only used, it might be surmised, because the composer felt himself unequal to the working out his subject. For instance, the very first glee in these Musical Classics, is Dr. Cooke's 'In the merry month of May' (a prize composition.) The words are as follows:—

1. *Lively—Common Time.*

In the merry month of May,  
In a morn by break of day,  
Forth I walked by the wood side;  
Where, as May was in his pride—

[Here we have the musical phrase wound up on the tonic while the sentence is incomplete.]

Much ado there was, God wot,  
He would love, but she would not.

[The above six lines to be sung twice over.]

*Piano* { She said man was never true,  
He said, none was false to you.  
*Forte* { He said, he had loved too long,  
She said, love should have no wrong.

2. *Quick—Triple Time.*

Corydon would kiss her then,  
She said, maids must kiss no men,—(A pause)  
Till they did for good and all.

3. *Slow—Common Time.*

*Forte* { Then she made the shepherd call  
On all the heavens, to witness truth  
{ That never loved a truer youth.

4. *Quick—Triple Time.*

Thus, with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
Such as silly shepherds use  
When they will not love abuse

5. *Quick—Common Time*—[Making another break on the incomplete sentence.]

Love, which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded;  
And Philida, with garlands gay,  
Was crowned the lady of the May.

Here, beside sundry other obvious disregards of sense, the analyst will observe that no less than five changes of motion and subject occur in one short poem, the spirit of which is singularly unvaried. Why need the composer, with such an excursive fancy, have used any words at all, when *soh, fa, &c.* were at hand? How far were the old madrigalists from this bit-by-bit style of working! Our dislike to the glee, then, is, in part, founded on the ceaseless and senseless changes which it permits. It is true, that in some instances (as in Webbe's 'When winds breathe soft,' a picture of a growing and subsiding storm,) every variety of time and tone is demanded by the variety of the words; it is no less true that in others (as in the same composer's 'Swiftly from the mountain's brow') the different measures may be so delicately melted into each other, that their heterogeneity loses a part of its offence; but, the best of the productions to which we have been objecting, bear from their utter musical inconsequence, a hybrid character (or, more properly, *want of character*), which makes them pall upon the ear, and is an answer to the often-expressed wonder that continental musicians take so little interest in the music which we have to show as our own. All glees, however, are not thus objectionable: there are many (witness, amongst others, Stevens's 'Ye spotted snakes,' Horsley's 'See the chariot,' and 'By Celia's arbour,' and Cooke's 'Hark, the lark,') in which a musical idea, correspondent to the general spirit of the poet's words, has been originated and regularly wrought out, and whose purpose and substantive character entitle them to enter the lists of competition as music—to challenge either the ancient Elizabethan madrigals, which, be it remembered, were quite as Italian as they were English—or the modern German part song, in which a Spohr or a Weber have mated fine poetry with befitting music. But even these regular compositions (as distinguished from the above-mentioned unmeaning *pasticci*, to which we dare to object,) are feeble and

colourless when compared with the racy old madrigals. We can cite no chain of modern musical phrases of such an exquisite propriety as the close of Wilbye's 'Sweet honey-sucking bees,' (otherwise not a particular favourite with us,) where the music faints with the words, without its composer introducing any new or episodic character into the close of the composition:—no roundelay of yesterday, be it ever so fresh, which is half so redolent of the true hawthorn odours of the English spring—as Morley's 'Now is the month of Maying;' while Savile's ancient 'Fal la la,' and Ford's 'Since first I saw your face,' still stand unrivalled—the one as a *troll*, the other as a harmonized melody. The madrigal, too, possesses this advantage over the glee, that it is sung by many voices to a part, whence it follows, that under proper training, a force and a delicacy, with every possible variety of intermediate gradation, may be obtained, wholly impossible to a quartett or quintett of single voices. We have here but room to give the outlines of a very tenable case;—one which appears to us to have been avoided, or misunderstood, or garbled by most writers who have treated of English music: yet to the space bestowed upon the sketch of an argument, not struck off in the heat of momentary fancy, but the result of some experience and comparison, must be added still a barleycorn's breadth, that we may commend Mr. Knight or his editor for the manner in which their useful and interesting work is brought out.

*Reveries Napolitaines; Six Ballades avec des paroles Italiens*, composées par Donizetti.—The stronger portions of 'Anna Bolena'—yet more, those of 'Marino Faliero'—bear traces of a power, on the part of their composer, for which severer critics are by no means disposed to give him credit. This same power—namely, of expressing passion and sentiment by appropriate music—is discernible in the Italian ballads before us; though it be but feebly manifested through the conventionalisms of a worn-out and characterless melody, which the mode of the Italian singers of the hour, and his own marvellous and unquestioning facility, have imposed upon Donizetti. But it is of little use, with such a veteran offender, to speculate upon what he might have been. These 'Reveries,' then—a series of dramatic ballads—are not his weakest work. The first—'Il Pescatore,' (the words after Schiller) reminds us, in its opening of the *largo* of Rubini's great scene in 'Marino': as it proceeds, the siren's song, though of a threadbare familiarity, has a caressing sweetness, which makes us listen, for the thousandth time. 'La Ninna Nonna' (a lullaby) is very sweet, with the same drawback of great age: 'Il Trovatore in Caricatura,' is a burlesque which lends itself well to the imitative powers of a clever *buffo*. 'La Sultana' is but insipid. The best of the series is 'L'Ultima Notte di un Novizio,' in which the orisons of a heaven-devoted youth are troubled by the temptations of the spirit of earthly passion. Here, in spite of the commonplaces of form, the contrast of character is maintained and wrought up in an effective manner; or, it would be more correct to say, *might* be maintained and wrought up by a singer who felt the words—Rubini, for instance; and, as he is constant to the *eau sucrée* school of music, it would be unreasonable in us to desire anything better than to hear him sing the ballad in question. The last of the series is a pretty, but sickly, *Duetto di camera*.

*The Organist's Anthology*, No. 1, by Henry John Lincoln.—We are especially glad of any legitimate addition to the stores of our organ music, for reasons long since stated. Mr. Lincoln's selection of movements from the works of classical writers, opens with an 'Agnus Dei,' from a litany by Mozart, hitherto unpublished,—a rich and florid *adagio*, in which the contrasted powers of the organ are well brought into play. But, seducing as is the intermixture of swell and choir, reeds and diapasons, our preference, in music for this august instrument would lead us towards the second movement of the Anthology, an 'Agnus' and a 'Donna' from the 'Pastoral Mass,' by the Abbé Vogler; in which, if there be less brilliancy, there is more breadth—more of those steady sequences of harmony, which, assuredly, were in the ear of Milton, (himself an organ-player,) when he wrote concerning

—Inked sweetness long drawn out.

The work before us—as far as we can judge of the arrangement—deserves every success.

Miss Eliza Flower has set L. E. L.'s *'Sleep, heart of mine,'* very expressively. This lady is very near wiping off the reproaches so long laid upon her sex, for having contributed so little to the treasury of musical compositions. We do not forget Madlle. Bertin, at Paris, whose *'Esmeralda'* has caused so much controversy; nor Madlle. Puget, whose pretty romances, with pretty lithographs, fly about the same gay capital, numerous and ephemeral as summer butterflies; we do not forget that there exists unpublished music by Mendelssohn's sister, (Madame Hensel,) sterling enough to have been written even by her brother; and that Miss Clara Wieck, who may possibly visit London this spring, is a clever composer, as well as a magnificent pianist. But to cease from enumeration, there has always appeared to us a certain want in Miss Flower's music—difficult, perhaps, to define, but making a chasm between her and the honourable place to which she aspires—a want of symmetry in its construction, and of *song* in its melody. The general public, who listen without close consideration, will hardly do justice to the poetical mind of its composer; and the singer be disposed to lay her music aside, for other strains more tempting to the vocalist by their rhythm and sweetness, or by their intense passion offering greater scope to the declaimer.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Stars.*—M. Valz has written to M. Arago, concerning the opposite movements of the falling stars of August and November, in different years; they at one period appearing to come from the constellation of the Lion, and at another to be going towards it; also in August to proceed from or towards the Twins. M. Valz calls upon all observers to mark the direction of the currents of these meteors, and immediately to trace them on a map of the stars, instead of confining themselves solely to counting their numbers.

*The late Captain Morris.*—How quietly has the death of Captain Morris [announced *Athenæum*, No. 559] been permitted to be passed over, by thousands, to whom his exquisite songs have contributed hours upon hours of harmony and joy! The sin of ingratitude lies at the door of all those who are *bon-vivants* in the highest and most refined sense,—who thirst after the prosperity of pure English lyric poetry,—and who feel an honouring respect for departed genius. Why sleeps the name and fame of this extraordinary man?—Connected as he was so long, from his vast, refined, and social powers, with royal and noble circles—relished as his charming songs are by the hearts of "all circles." How is it that "silence wraps the suffering clay," and that relatives are apathetic—publishers dull and quiescent—and the lovers of the claret-jug, the mahogany and the sweet verses "married to immortal time," silent and uncomplaining?—There is nothing so simple, yet so polished,—nothing so utterly melodious, yet so sweetly sensible, as Morris's verses, to be found in the whole range of English Song writing. \* \* In "earlier days," but not in "calmer hours," the Bard, as he has been wont to be called, produced some verses, which "dying (it must be admitted) he would wish to blot,"—but as years brought the snow to the head, and cool judgment to the mind, his lyrics elevated all the social subjects upon which his feelings loved to dwell with a pathetic force and simplicity to the heights of poetry; and this the English language would have seemed incapable to accomplish. English songs became at once, through him, purely Horatian. And the lyric Muse appeared to have found words, and the blending of words, dearest to her heart. Those who have heard—for happily the Bard, from an extreme timidity of publication, never permitted his verses to be read—such English melodies as "Since three score and ten,"—"The glasses sparkle on the board,"—"It's a bit of a thing," &c. &c.—will feel that Morris wrote from the heart to the heart, and trusted all to the conveyance of that sweetest of interpreters—Music!

—*New Sporting Magazine.*

*Respiration of Seeds.*—M. Edwards has been making a series of experiments concerning the respiration of vegetables. The only part of the results as yet communicated relates to seeds. He placed some beans in a glass ball, with a straight neck, which held from three to four pints of water; into this

water he introduced forty beans of considerable size, and perfect in all respects; he fitted a bent tube full of water to the neck of the ball, and plunged it into a bowl, also full of water. The beans were in this manner solely in contact with the water and the air contained in it, and which could not be renewed in such an apparatus. For six days, or as long as the experiment lasted, bubbles of air proceeded from the beans, and when the outer coverings burst, they were seen to issue from the parenchyma. On weighing the seeds when taken out of the water, they had all doubled their own weight. They were sown in the earth, and kept also in a damp paper, between two plates, and in both instances germinated. The quantity of air contained in the water had been measured previous to the experiment, and thus M. Edwards ascertained, that more than half a pint of gas was disengaged by the action of the seeds and water. On analyzing this gas, it was found to consist of an enormous proportion of carbonic acid, an infinitely small quantity of oxygen, and another gas, which consisted of azote, and perhaps some other mixed with it. The summing up of this is, 1st, that the water is decomposed; 2nd, the oxygen of the decomposed part combines with the carbon in the seed, and forms carbonic acid; 3rd, this carbonic acid is entirely or partially disengaged from the seed; 4th, the hydrogen of the decomposed water is absorbed by the seed, either partially or entirely. The important part of the experiment lies in the decomposition of the water, and in the apparent fact, that respiration is not solely an excretion, but by the absorption of hydrogen plays a part in the nutrition and development of the embryo.

*Drying of Stuffs.*—An apparatus has been invented by MM. Penzoldt and Levesque, for the rapid drying of stuffs of all kinds, without fire or pressure. It consists of a double drum, which turns on its axis, at the rate of four thousand times in a minute. The stuffs are placed in it as they come out of the water, and by the effect of rotation the water contained between the threads is carried towards the external covering of the drum, which is bored with holes. Woollen stuffs are thus dried in less than three minutes, when the apparatus is small, and in eight minutes when it is larger. Flax and cotton stuffs require a short exposure to the air, after being taken from the drum.

*Polygonum tinctorium.*—The experiments made in three places on the cultivation of the *Polygonum tinctorium*, give the following results. A space of ground measuring 32,400 square feet, and containing 20,000 plants of the Polygonum, will produce 4000 to 5000 lb. weight of leaves, which will yield from 80 to 100 lb. of indigo. This is the lowest possible valuation, and would probably be doubled when the Polygonum is cultivated in a more fertile soil, and the summer more favourable than that of 1838. The expenses of its cultivation are small; only one digging is necessary; and for the extraction of the indigo, the greatest cost lies in a large quantity of hot water, and sulphuric acid or lime water.

*Rhinoceros.*—On digging the foundations of the new buildings at the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, the workmen, at the depth of seventeen feet, in an alluvial yellow sand, mixed with pebbles, found the right humerus of a rhinoceros, named by M. Cuvier *R. Tichorhinus*. Rhinoceros bones have not been before met with in the Paris basin, although the bones of elephants have occurred. The humerus now alluded to, is only four lines less than that of the Cape Rhinoceros, in the museum of the Jardin du Roi; it is sixteen lines less in length than the single horned rhinoceros of India, but its circumference exceeds each by one inch. M. Cuvier's opinion thus appears to be confirmed, as to the relative size of the two-horned fossil rhinoceros, which he thought was of shorter and thicker proportions than the recent animal; and that this two-horned fossil rhinoceros has more analogy with the two-horned species of Africa, than with any of those of India.

*Caterpillars.*—According to the observations made by the Abbé Mitraud, curate of Rochechouart, president of the Linnean Society of Haute Vienne, caterpillars of various kinds are so fond of the spindle tree, (*Euonymus europæus*) that if orchards are surrounded with hedges of this shrub, they will attack the latter in preference to the trees, and may thus be readily discovered and destroyed.

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